The ANTIOCH REVIEW

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"
—Abraham Lincoln

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Published, Yellow Springs, Ohio, in March, June, September, and December by The Antioch Review, Inc., a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio. The Antioch Review is not an official publication of Antioch College and the views expressed in its columns are not necessarily those of the College. Subscription: $3.00 the year; Canadian, $3.50; Foreign, $4. Single copies, 75 cents.

Contributions should be sent to The Antioch Review, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Unsolicited manuscripts which are found unavailable for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Editors assume no responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.

National Distributor
Eastern News Company
200 E. 67th St., N.Y. 21

Publication Office,
212 Xenia Avenue,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter, March 22, 1941 at the post office at Yellow Springs, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Volume X September, 1950 Number 3

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Editors' Shop Talk

A glance at the contents page discloses that this is a "Schnyder" issue (the spelling bafilles us). The event is what the professorial mind used to call a concatenation of circumstances —unpremeditated, that is—or, in editorial lingo, unsolicited. Six weeks ago there arrived a manuscript from Vern Sneider ("A Pail of Oysters"), then in quick succession came Richard Snyder's "The Task Ahead" and Louis Schneider's "An Industrial Sociology —for What Ends?" No collusion here. Simply the steady drip of the daily mail, to which the Sniders (you spell it) have as much access as the Smiths. Because of the spelling and the subject matter, readers need not be confused. But for us there was an earlier oral problem—which we solved in editorial board meeting by referring (we hope they pardon us) to Richard as the Princeton Snyder, to Louis as the Purdue University Schneider, and to Vern as the Monroe, Michigan Sneider.

* *

One of these authors, Richard (the Princeton) Snyder we want to defend. As a co-editor of *Roots of Political Behavior,* he has been attacked by Raymond Moley for his choice of articles in that book (*Newsweek*, September 11). In a section of the volume subtitled "Economics and Politics," says Mr. Moley, all the selections lead you to believe that "free enterprise is more or less mythical and that 'concentration, no matter how measured, is certainly characteristic of the American economy.'" That conclusion is confined to one section among twelve in a book on the general subject of political behavior. Mr. Snyder's contributors, beginning with Charles Beard, are distinguished thinkers. Which must have suggested to Mr. Moley a problem as to how the mythology of free enterprise and the charge of economic concentration are to be refuted.

Editorially (his column is headed "Propaganda for Princetonians") he answers it this way: the fathers of Princetonians, who don't like the sort of thing he's pointing his finger at, can "do a few things on their own. They can give their sons and daughters some real instruction at home about the economic facts of life." One asks whether such economic "facts" are so very easy to come by and to teach. It looks from here as though Editor Moley had given the fathers of Princetonians a bum steer. The interesting fact is that another of our contributors, William D. Grampp took up the Moley suggestion even before it was made, and he found that . . . but read the result for yourself in "Autobiography of an Economic Man" (p. 359).

* *

News items: One of the winners of the six $2,000 writing fellowships at Stanford University for 1950-51 is Sarah Fay, author of "Cool Weather Tomorrow" (Fall, 1949). . . . James Farrell's "Some Observations on Naturalism . . ." and William G. Carleton's "Toward Man's Maturity" (see last issue) are to be sent abroad by the "Voice of America."

The Task Ahead

By RICHARD C. SNYDER

A revolutionary situation faces the United States in its foreign relations. So quickly have we been thrust into a unique role in international politics that the true nature and the scope of the crisis elude us. Psychological exhaustion and loss of perspective are, under the circumstances, natural reactions. The temptation to resort to automatic, ill-considered military and economic counter-blows is compelling. An audible sigh of relief followed the outbreak of the Korean war. At last the sparring was over. A tangible shape had arisen out of the uncertainties of the clash of nerves.

But not all world problems boil down to an armed conflict between the super-powers. Without a minimum awareness of the deeper meanings of the crisis, we run the risk of taking ineffective action. Current discussion of our over-all situation lacks both breadth and depth. The frame of reference is inadequate. We must ask more searching questions.

Two major lines of American foreign policy grow out of our military, economic, political and ideological commitments. Our power will be used to hold the Soviet Union at bay. And it will be employed to create in the course of time those political, social, economic, and psychological conditions which will sustain peaceful and prosperous human relationships, domestic and international. But while our policy-makers have made an effort to remind the nation of these latter implications of our foreign policy and have stressed the necessity of making the American cause so meaningful to all men everywhere that they will identify our cause with theirs, they have failed to elaborate the position systematically.

Our commitments have been largely prompted by the Soviet attack on American interests, ideas and institutions. Yet the Soviet regime is only a symptom of profound dislocations everywhere. The social forces

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Richard C. Snyder, author of this editorial-article, has published *The Most Favored Nation Clause* (King's Crown Press, 1948), and was co-editor of *American Foreign Policy* (Rinehart, 1948) and *The Roots of Political Behavior* (American Book, 1950). He is Associate Professor of Politics at Princeton.

which make for the multiple revolution of our time have grown steadily in complexity and portent. Soviet policy exploits and intensifies the world-wide social revolution, but unrest, maladjustment, poverty, and intellectual confusion exist quite independently of anything the Kremlin does. In part we have failed to recognize that implicit in our new international obligations is the acceptance of *both* the Soviet challenge and the challenge of mankind's unhappy state.

II

The nature of the challenge is clear. First, it is more than military. By our own definition it involves a program of social reconstruction. Strengthening other societies against aggression and helping them to develop free political institutions requires more than military aid. Living conditions, ideas, forms of government and the social power structure of millions in cultures alien to our own may require alteration. In acting as midwife, we will have to learn what we can and cannot do. We will have to develop patience and tolerance.

Accompanying the military threat are disconcerting political and psychological pressures. Our plight is well illustrated by the difficulties of weeding out bad security risks from the government and drawing a plain line between civil liberties and subversive activities. The Soviet ideological attack has ripped political problems out of their rightful context. The charges of Senator McCarthy have uncovered distrust, value-conflicts, and a lack of predictable standards of political conduct. Fear, suspicion, and restraint are social costs which can probably never be estimated.

Second, the gauntlet has been thrown down to the whole of American society. No important phase of American life can escape. This does not simply mean total mobilization of productive facilities for war. Our foreign policy objectives must express the needs of our whole society. Hence we shall have to reconsider how far we can tolerate failures in our political process to formulate policies based on a truly national conception of welfare.

Third, America is now compelled to juggle urgent domestic and foreign policy issues simultantously. These issues must often be handled separately by different agencies even though they are in most cases completely intertwined. Hence, priorities must be set, consistency maintained, and attention must be paid to the adequacy and distribution of our policy-making resources.

Fourth, and perhaps in the long run most important, American society must decide whether it can and will offer an effective alternative to Communism at home and abroad within the value framework and institutional arrangements to which we have been dedicated.

III

Is American society strong enough to fulfill this task in all respects? Or are there weaknesses to jeopardize the attainment of its avowed international objectives? We must undertake a thorough and critical evaluation of our traditions, beliefs, social institutions, and problems in the light of our new responsibilities. This would include an analysis of the accuracy of our national judgment concerning foreign policy. It would also include an exhaustive balance sheet of our national strength and weaknesses in the perspective of our commitments. Although the power-versus-commitment concept is gaining recognition, it has been applied so far almost exclusively to the balance between military power and political-strategic commitments, really only one facet of our total power position.

America is a dynamic, highly complex society, currently in a period of rapid social change. Problems and weaknesses are obscured by optimism, success, surface stability, superficial unity, prosperity, military proficiency and a political system which tends to push basic cleavages in the society out of the public view and encourages an indefinite postponement of crucial issues. Such a society does not easily put itself under a microscope in time of crisis. It will be argued that this is no time to probe the dark corners of our national life, and those who ask for an objective appraisal have already been branded as subversive, disloyal, and Communist-inspired. An uncritical defense of the so-called "American way" is a great temptation, yielded to by some of our most influential leaders. As a response to the Communist attack it is entirely insufficient and misleading. In ideological combat it is vulnerable. It invites conformity and shortsightedness. Above all, it invites the traitors, exploiters, fools and frauds to put on a patriotic cloak of immunity and disguise. We cannot back away from constructive self-criticism simply because we might inadvertently admit some things our enemies are saying.

A re-evaluation of American beliefs and institutions is necessary for making our response to the international crisis as rational, mature and adaptable as possible. These are hardly new criteria of human behavior, though unfortunately we are not accustomed to judging the conduct of public affairs in such terms. Foreign policy embraces the behavior of a society in its complex relationships with other societies—a society having certain problems of adjustment, and attempting to accomplish its purpose in an external environment which is only partially subject to its influence or control. Hence the effectiveness of America's international conduct will depend greatly on the degree to which it is rationally self-controlled. This means that America must understand its basic needs. Needs and wants are not always identical, and they must be adjusted to obligations and responsibilities. America must have a clear, reasonably consistent set of values to guide its choice of specific objectives and their priority. It must know the range of alternatives and, as far as possible, the price and consequences of each. It must choose the most appropriate techniques for achieving objectives and mobilize the requisite skills and strength. It must maintain a continually productive connection between ends and means. Finally, capacity for adaptation is necessary to preserve maximum freedom of action, to reorient behavior in the face of failure, and to adjust to conditions which cannot be substantially changed.

All this should not be construed as betraying a naïve faith in the possibility of perfectly rational human behavior. But we are constantly making choices and decisions with some purpose in mind. Unless we are prepared to admit that we are striking out blindly or that we are, willnilly, the victim of forces beyond our control, then the presumption is that we continue to act as though our destiny is, in major respects at least, subject to our determination. The real question is the *degree* of effectiveness with which we can combine the elements of successful conduct. In turn, this will define the margin of national error. How great can it be without menacing the safety of the republic? Irrationality, nonrationality, and immaturity cannot be eliminated, but they can be reduced, compensated for and even quarantined. Failure and frustration come when specific national objectives do not accurately express real national needs or are ambiguous, when means are not commensurate with ends, when disabilities are covered up, and when the external environment is imperfectly understood.

We tell the world that we are a free, democratic society. This must mean that, individually and collectively, we are potentially capable of rational, mature, and adaptive behavior in both our private and public relationships. We have declared that Soviet leaders may plunge the world into disaster by their deterministic and stereotyped thinking. In giving substance to our own professions and in attempting to influence Soviet behavior along more desirable lines, it would seem imperative that America be in reasonably complete control of itself.

IV

What is needed, clearly, is a far more comprehensive study of American society than we have yet made. Recent events may give a clue. For example, reports from Europe indicate that when the United States is compelled to give concrete meaning to the values it stands for, fuzziness and inconsistency appear. Europeans apparently have few doubts about our specific, short-term actions and intentions as manifest in the Atlantic Alliance, United Nations, E.R.P., and the containment of Soviet power generally. They do have doubts about matters which relate ultimately to the nature of American society. Is a slow, long-term retreat to a new form of isolationism possible even within the limits of our new international position? Can America grasp the noneconomic problems of Europe? Can it provide moral leadership? Does America believe that capitalism and democracy are interdependent and inseparable?

The chief emphasis in our official definition of freedom is still on economic opportunity and civil liberties. These are, indeed, essential prerequisites to freedom. However, without recognizing the totality of social conditions under which men live and the full range of their needs, how meaningful is the preachment of freedom to the masses for whose friendship and support we are competing? We seem to be repeating, with a contemporary accent here and there, good eighteenth-century democratic doctrine. Most of the assumptions about human behavior in that doctrine are no longer true, if indeed they ever were. One searches in vain for any indication that we are revitalizing our conceptions of democracy and freedom in the light of more recent and more valid psychosocial knowledge.

What are the bases of our national unity? Is the core of values around which Americans can be rallied becoming not only more vague but smaller? Our unity seems crisis-inspired, depending increasingly for its strength upon a lowest common denominator such as external attack. And does our social structure encourage real national sacrifice for other than wartime purposes? Following two world wars, the American people have not shown any great capacity for a sustained effort to translate the values for which they fought into the political conditions of peace. Can the results of our attempt to democratize Germany be ascribed solely to inexperience and Russian pressure? Or can they be traced in part to value conflicts and conflicts of material interest among our own people, to a lack of political maturity, and to discrepancies between our theory of government and its actual practice?

Just how satisfactory is the level of public discussion in this country? There is ample evidence that our educational system and our media of communication do not produce a great body of enlightened, interested citizens who have adequate knowledge as well as rudimentary intellectual tools for interpreting the meaning of events and decisions. On some fundamental issues there is not an accurate, mass-circulated presentation of alternate points of view. Opinions and attitudes seem to be formed from the top down. Surveys tend to reflect the reports and interpretations of those who control the printed and spoken work. This suggests that the role of various élites in our society may be more significant than has hitherto been recognized. Is their definition of national interest a reflection of the interest of the whole society? Perhaps part of the explanation for our failure to provide precise meanings for freedom and democracy is to be sought in the functioning and inter-relationship of power-élites.

We seem to be deficient in the quantity and quality of national leadership. The over-all effectiveness of our political system depends increasingly on vigorous, enlightened, and highly skilled presidential leadership. But does our method of selection offer some guarantee that the candidate elected will have some of these qualities? And if it so happens that he has them, or later develops them, does our present administrative-legislative system permit the most effective exercise of those capabilities? We have had to rely on military and business leaders to perform political tasks for which they were not always trained and suited. We are not to any great extent training what Professor Harold D. Lasswell calls "policy scientists"—men who are equipped to be politically effective in modern mass democracy with such institutions and conditions as we have in the

United States. Public leadership still seems to be considered less vital than our present requirements would warrant. A basic question is whether there is anything in the structure and functioning of American society which tends to stultify the use of its human resources in the field of political leadership.

Is our political system adequate to the task now thrust upon it? Are the traditional virtues of the system still virtues? Decentralization, checks and balances, equilibrium politics, and the operation of the two major parties have been eulogized as strong points in our democracy. However, uncertainties in foreign-policy-making have been evident since 1945 in spite of the bi-partisan approach and, on occasion, the success of our diplomacy has been threatened. Such uncertainties have arisen from the necessity of employing unwritten rules, organization, and power-patterns —designed primarily for domestic affairs—to carry on a greatly expanded role in international affairs. If in the process, virtues have also become liabilities, readjustments and rethinking are called for. The fact that we must fulfill more and more of our social needs, internal and external, through political action ought to prompt us to question the validity of some assumptions and institutional patterns which have come down to us from an entirely different historical situation.

Finally, we must consider the culture and social structure which undergird the policy-making process. Here we can find some reasons for national ineffectiveness, and here, also, some hitherto untapped sources of American strength. There are many scattered studies of American society, but surprisingly little integrated, applicable data are available. These are some of the questions we need answers to: What are the values and beliefs shared by the people as a whole? What are the myths and realities of the economy, and the role and influence of science and technology? What is the effect of mass communications on the content and level of public discussion? What is the nature and significance of social classes or of leadership, and what are the social bases of political power? These primary influences must be traced to the various elements in the foreign-policy-making process such as public attitudes and opinions, the political process from the role of the electorate to the role of administrative groups, the adequacy of government personnel and political leadership, and the actual pattern of decision-making in the national government.

V

In struggling with the external problems of the international challenge which we have now accepted, we have neglected to determine what kind of a people we are, what our true interests are, where we are vulnerable, and whether we are capable of the degree of rational self-control which the situation demands. Yet wrapped up in the main lines of our present foreign policy are assumptions, objectives, techniques, expectations and promises based on what we *feel* we know about ourselves.

Billions are being spent annually on armaments, mobilization of natural resources, economic aid and natural science research. By comparison, a trivial sum is spent on explaining America to the world, fighting the battle of ideas, alleviating domestic tensions and strengthening the social sinews of national security. We might well heed Hornell Hart's recommendation for a Manhattan Project in the Social Sciences to synthesize existing knowledge of our society and to illuminate the unknown. These data, accompanied by usable interpretation, might be passed on to a nonpolitical committee of distinguished citizens charged with the responsibility for defining, and suggesting ways of protecting, national security.

President Eisenhower of Columbia University has spoken of "the sullen men leaning against the boundaries all over Asia"—a phrase with a disquieting echo down the corridors of history from Rome. In the kind of a world we live in American survival can hardly be based primarily on armed might, blunders of the enemy, good-will and good intentions, material prosperity, and a silent conspiracy to ignore the tensile strength of our social fabric. The Old Testament proverb is right: where there is no vision, the people perish. And complete vision is surely impossible without self-knowledge and self-direction.

A STORY

A Pail of Oysters

By VERN SNEIDER

THE SUN was dipping into the Straits of Taiwan and the western slopes of Formosa's green mountains were bathed in the golden light of evening, when the convoy of China's Save-the-Country Army came rolling down past the tidal flats on the road leading from Lok-kang, to Ho-bi, to Sai-se.

As the hum of the motors drifted out, disturbing the quiet of the plains, Li Liu—ankle deep in the sea water—looked up from the cluster of oyster shells firmly secured to the short bamboo stakes, and his high cheek-boned, bronzed face, beneath the conical straw hat, was impassive. But his dark eyes burned with surprise. He was a slender boy of nineteen, dressed in the knee length, blue cotton trousers and loose jacket of the peasant. And now he turned his attention to the Save-the-Country infantry in their khaki uniforms and sun helmets, bouncing along in the American-made trucks.

Beside him, Second Eldest Brother—a wooden pail filled with unshucked oysters clenched in his nervous hand—also eyed the approaching convoy and his voice was low. "They come early this night," he said, startled. And Li Liu nodded in agreement.

VERN SNEIDER has had extensive experience in the far Pacific. After seeing action as commander of a platoon of combat scouts in the area (1942-44), he was sent to Princeton for training in work with the native population on Taiwan. In early 1945 he served as area supervisor of Tobaru, a village of 5,000, on Okinawa, and later went to Korea where he was given charge of the education and welfare sections of Kyongi Province, which contains Seoul. It was on the last job that he first came to know well the various Chinese groups from whom he gathered the material for the present story. "Whether they were Fukien, Hakka, or Pepohoan," says Mr. Sneider, "their grievances against the soldiery were always the same." Afterward, he and a group of Chinese intended to create a fishing fleet, build food processing plants on the Pescadores Islands off Formosa, and distribute their products through the East. The situation became too "chaotic," and he came home where for the past three years he has been trying to "bring the desperate plight of Asia to light through fiction."

Indeed they were early this night. Usually the trucks came out of Lok-kang just as dusk was falling. They came to drop the two-man outposts along the coastal plain. For across the Straits was the People's Liberation Army—massed, perhaps, in Swatow, Amoy, or Foochow—and the Save-the-Country Army must keep sharp watch through the night over these flat shores, lest they turn into an invasion beachhead.

But Li Liu, with the wisdom of the peasant, knew that the Save-the-Country soldiers kept an even sharper watch over the row after row of bamboo stakes, pushed into the flooded flats. The soldiers were no fools. They had made a close study of the situation. Even the lowliest could declaim, with surprising knowledge, that the old oyster shells were secured to the stakes from October through December to act as spat collectors; that the oyster larvae, brought in by the sea, attached themselves to the shells; and the larvae—nourished by microscopic creatures borne by each incoming tide—would grow until now, in early June, the stakes were loaded with plump, succulent oysters. Oysters which commanded a good price on the black market in the cities; oysters, which when confiscated and sold, would supplement a soldier's meager pay, would buy a few carefree hours in the wine shops or the company of a painted, smiling sing-song girl.

In this world of the evening there were those who took, and those who tried to keep. And Second Eldest Brother, his lank frame trembling, handed over the pail. "Hurry, Li Liu," he whispered. "Run and hide these."

But Li Liu, his hand grasping the wire handle, knew it was too late and froze. They had been too intent, gathering the shells, and the convoy had come too near. Besides, the Save-the-Country soldiers had been alerted since leaving Lok-kang. All along the flats they had caught others, such as Li Liu and Second Eldest Brother, at the harvest. And now each soldier, approaching his post, was carefully appraising the number of barefooted peasants in the watery tidelands and calculating the night's take.

A hundred or so yards down the road from them, the trucks slowed and two soldiers hopped to their post. With a wave of their hands, they signaled the convoy on and turned their eyes toward the Straits—ostensibly searching for signs of the invader, actually eyeing the quiet peasants.

By reason of his twenty-seven years, Second Eldest Brother was the maker of decisions here; and Li Liu turned to him, waiting. To attempt to bury the pail would reveal that other pails were cached in various places in the mud flats. And Li Liu knew these caches must not be disclosed, for on these depended the very existence of the family. These must be traded off for the sweet potato, and soy bean, and millet, for a family cannot live merely on oysters—traded in the dead of night, because no man would dare risk his products on the high road in broad daylight. Yet even one pail must not be lost. The requisitioner of food had already taken his high quota, and what remained belonged to the family, such a dangerously small amount that even a little loss would mean gnawing, hungry stomachs for days.

Second Eldest Brother looked about desperately. "Keep the pail in your hand, Li Liu," he said, then turned and noting the three hundred yards between outposts, his voice filled with hope. "We'll cross the road between them. Perhaps we can slip through and get home."

They turned their backs on the nearest outpost, began walking from it. And as they sloshed through the water, the pail between them, Li Liu's slight body tensed. At any moment he expected to hear the call, expected to hear the soldier's challenge. Yet no sound came, and the perspiration broke through on his back, wetting the worn cotton jacket.

They were paralleling the road, and he couldn't look back. Perhaps one of the soldiers was leisurely sauntering along the high, dry road, keeping just behind them. Perhaps the soldier was only waiting for them to come out of the flats before laying a heavy hand on the pail in a gesture peasants, the world over, recognize.

As they wheeled, Li Liu could see the thatch roof of their home, whispered: "Turn now. Walk slowly. Pretend nothing has happened."

As they wheeled, Li Lui could see the thatch roof of their home, setting some four hundred yards inland on the high ground. He held his breath, and the four hundred yards seemed as four thousand miles. He fully expected the two outposts to be converging on them, catching them in the middle. And out of the corner of his eye he glanced along the road, then was struck dumb with surprise, and for a moment faltered.

Though the soldiers at both posts were watching, the soldiers did not move. Of course, Li Liu had no way of knowing that the Captain of the Guard—who would come driving along in his jeep in a few minutes, checking the outposts—was a man with strange ideas of military duty. One being that the Save-the-Country Army was there only to defend. Nor did Li Liu know that he was a man with a conscience, yet whose conscience was flexible enough to permit him to flay the hide off a looter caught red-handed.

But the soldiers were making mental notes, and the soldiers were smiling. For there are strange things done by all armies under the cover of darkness when the movements of the Officer of the Guard are plotted as carefully as the Air Warning Service plots the approach of enemy planes. And tonight, with the moon old and feeble, with the first rice crop of the year coming in and the oysters plump and succulent, another convoy would roll stealthily down through the tidal flats—a carefully planned convoy that would collect the fruits of the land.

Li Liu and Second Eldest Brother came up on the road, and the soldiers stood like statues. They crossed over and began walking along a narrow ridge, separating the pools of fresh water. Li Liu's first impulse was to run for it, run for their thatch-roofed home. But Second Eldest Brother was ahead of him on the ridge, blocking the way; and Second Eldest Brother was walking slowly, calmly—pretending that nothing was happening. Yet Li Liu saw the veins stand out at the side of his throat and knew the blood was pounding through Second Eldest Brother's temples, just as it was pounding through his own.

He risked a glance at the soldiers, saw their open snicker, and believed that the soldiers were playing with them. Gone was his fright, then, and his lips curled in a curse. For he was of the Pepohoan people, which a benevolent government called the "tame" or "assimilated" savages.

Through his thin body flowed the blood of a Hakka Chinese grandfather, a wealthy trader from Taichu City, who with his pack-train of coolies, and bright red cloth, and catch-penny trinkets had gone into the foothills of the aborigine country. And who had stolen back out, in the dead of night, with a cargo of sisal fiber and a wild-eyed, frightened girl of the Taiyal tribe—later abandoned with her brood in the lowlands when the trader moved on to newer fields.

From that one Li Liu had received his high cheekbones, no family name, and the blessing of assimilation.

But through his slender body also flowed the blood of a Taiyal grandmother. He was a brother, once removed, to the wild aborigine, the "raw" tribesman, who at this moment was running in the lengthening shadows, high in the Central Mountain Range; who at this moment—firmly grasping his iron-tipped, bamboo spear, his sword at his side—was stalking the Musha-Karenko trail in search of an unwary traveler. For the rhea net, slung over his shoulder, held three heads and a man's standing in the tribe was determined by the number of skulls on his bamboo rack.

From his Taiyal grandmother, Li Liu had received the philosophy of the aborigine . . . that there were two kinds of people. The first were the originals, that is, themselves and others like themselves—the real men. And there were the other Asiatics—the Chinese, and the Japanese—the non-men, the they-group.

For hatred burned deep in the memory of the tribe. In the heart of the deep mountain forests when the campfires blazed in the night, the eyes of the tribe blazed brighter as stories were told of the early days. Of the Fukien Chinese from the coastal areas of the mainland who pushed across the Straits, grabbing the rich, fertile shorelines and shoving the real men back to the foothills. Of the Hakka Chinese, who passed through the Fukien settlements and took the arable foothills, forcing the tribe into the high mountains, which run like a backbone down the island of Formosa. In those days the aborigine was a hunted thing whose flesh was sold side by side with the flesh of the swine on the mainland markets.

And often the talk would turn to the people from Japan, who ringed the mountain areas with police guards and fire lanes, rifles and mortars, mountain artillery and troops, always ready to push forth in punitive expeditions.

Yet sometimes when the embers burned low, the wild eyes softened and they talked of other real men—the Dutch traders, who dealt fairly with the tribe in the 1600's; a great American named LeGendre, the consul at Amoy on the mainland, who came to these shores in 1867 and, unaided, won the complete friendship of not only the Taiyal, but all the tribes; and of more recent real men in the uniform of the American Army who had been good to the Taiyal.

And Li Liu of the Pepohoan, the assimilated savages, shared these thoughts of his raw, unassimilated brothers. True, he wasn't pushed back into the mountains, his land taken from him by rifles and mortars. But he and his family were being pushed out into the sea by a hopelessly overburdened economy and a thieving, conniving soldiery. Each day he and his brothers were forced to wade farther and farther out, sinking the bamboo stakes, reclaiming the mud flats and sand bars paralleling the shore in an effort to keep the family alive.

As they neared their home, Li Liu turned and looked back at the outpost. One soldier was watching them while the other had his eyes on Li Liu's Pepohoan neighbors, who had also been caught at the harvest. The pent-up fire of the Taiyal burned in Li Liu, then, as he glanced at this new invader from the mainland. His dark eyes narrowed. His hand, gripping the pail, trembled violently. And in a futile effort of defiance he spat at the non-men in the khaki uniforms, the they-group who tried to take from the family.

Their home was as the homes of hundreds of Formosan peasants. It set like an island amidst the fresh-water pools on the treeless, barren flats. The roof was of thatch, the siding of white, crumbled mortar. On the tamped earthen floor of the middle house rested the altar with the sacred tablets of the family; behind the altar was the living quarters of the father and mother.

Extending out on each side of the middle house were two wings, containing the kitchen and sleeping quarters of the other family members. The wings and the middle house formed three sides of a square around an inner courtyard. The fourth side of the square was a hedge of the giant, impenetrable bamboo.

Li Liu and Second Eldest Brother slipped through a narrow path in the hedge and were instantly greeted by running, shouting children. The anger left Li Liu, then. He touseled the head of innumerable nieces, playfully pushed two nephews who held his legs, and picked up a squealing third and tucked him under his arm. For the family was large, numbering well over twenty.

As was the custom in the patriarchal system, the five sons lived with the father and mother in their home. Of the five, all but Li Liu were married, and the wives of the sons had blessed the family with many sturdy offspring.

Seeing the aged one, his father, sitting in the doorway of the main house—the youngest grandchild cradled in his arms—Li Liu bowed deeply. Then he handed the pail of oysters to Second Eldest Brother, for it was that one who must explain why the harvest was not hidden in the mud flats.

For a minute or two Li Liu played with the children gathered round him. He clamped his conical straw hat on the head of a doll-like, black-banged niece; and as the squeals of delight rose from the children, his own laughter came, joining theirs. Then he held up a finger. "I must wash now." And the children raced ahead of him to the well.

A moon-faced nephew drew a bucket of water for him, and Li Liu splashed it over his bronzed cheeks and forehead, wetted down his thick black hair. He rinsed his hands; and as he stood there, shaking them dry, the nephew sloshed water over his bare feet.

The three other brothers, coming from another small holding up the coast, entered the yard then; and with a yell the children ran from the well, ran to their fathers. Li Liu's lip trembled as they left him, and the loneliness crept into his heart. For he was nineteen-years old and without wife.

The women came to the kitchen door—broad-faced, brown-skinned girls with their black hair pulled tightly back; clad in their ankle length trousers and three-quarter length smocks of worn, faded cotton. And while there was no open familarity here, still Li Liu saw the dark eyes brighten at the sight of their men.

He stood alone by the well, his slender body filled with the haunting loneliness, the unutterable desire for a pair of soft dark eyes to turn his way when he came from a long day in the tidal flatlands.

But his father had said: "Yes, my son, you are nineteen. You should have a wife. But now we cannot feed another, not with a child about to be born to us again."

Li Liu had bowed reverently, accepting the words of the aged one. Yet now, standing by the well, the faintest flicker of resentment flowed through him as he regarded Eldest Brother's wife, who was in the eighth month with child. Eldest Brother already had three sturdy sons and two daughters. Must he still have another, and . . .

At the realization of his own thoughts, shame flushed Li Liu's cheeks, and he cursed himself soundly. Here he was putting his own desires, his own wishes before the welfare of the family. The family must have sturdy children to carry on its name. And he must be a good uncle to this unborn child.

He thought of the god of the hearth and begged forgiveness for letting the blackness cross his heart. For the god of the hearth was watching over this family. His picture was there in the kitchen where he could listen to the music of the boiling water in the kettles. Like an ancient warlord with a fierce black moustache, he sat in his bright-colored robes, his arms folded and his face stern. And he listened to more than the bubbling water. He listened to the talk of the family, read their inner thoughts.

And on the first day of the New Year if the family had been good, they would burn his picture, releasing the god; and the rising smoke would waft him to heaven to make his report on these, below.

But if the family had been bad, if each member had grown too concerned over his own welfare, they would soak his picture in sweet wine —always kept on hand for just such an emergency—before burning. Because even a god can become inebriated. Even a drunk god can be denied admittance to the celestial world. Li Liu shook his head. By his thoughts, he must not be responsible for keeping his god from heaven.

Yet the loneliness clung to him. The men were gathering with their women and their children over by the kitchen wing; and the women were bringing coarse white toweling to wipe the perspiring foreheads of their husbands. Slowly, Li Liu walked to the bamboo and reed cage in the courtyard. He squatted and clucked to the Gray Brahma hen, held out his finger. But mindful of her small brood of chicks, she was cross with him and pecked. He gave her a small handful of rice husks and arose.

There was no need going to the bamboo sty, he knew, for it was empty. Once it held ten of the sway-backed, black Formosan pigs. Yet the requisitioner of food had sharp eyes, and a pig is hard to hide. Now not even the stench of the swine remained.

Lost for something to do, Li Liu went up near the main house, where Eldest Brother was talking with the aged one, squatted at a respectful distance from them, and listened to their conversation.

"It won't do the Save-the-Country soldiers any good to wade into the flats, my father," Eldest Brother was saying. "If they do, they'll find nothing but empty shells. We stripped the stakes." He was a stooped youth of but twenty-eight, yet already his face was old and the laughter was gone from within him.

The aged one, cradling the grandchild in his arm, nodded his gray head. And Li Liu saw that the fever was on him again, for his eyes were glazed and his wrinkled cheeks flushed.

Eldest Brother wiped his palms on his threadbare cotton trousers. "Do we trade again this night, my father?"

"Yes, my son." The aged one's voice was low, and he left unsaid what both knew: *for the needs of the family are many.* "We must have a needle, the old one broke. And your wife must have plenty of rice now. . . ."

Li Liu nodded in solemn agreement. He, too, was aware that a woman in the eighth month with child must have the good rice to eat three times a day.

"And we must provide for the unborn one," the old man went on. "Perhaps a strip of bright cloth to wrap him in. Then we need millet for tomorrow's food. Some rice husks for the chicken." He raised his fever-flushed face. "I guess that's all."

"And quinine, my father," Eldest Brother said quickly. "We must have that."

"Yes, perhaps a little quinine."

"Do we use only the pail of oysters Second Eldest Brother brought in from the flats for tonight's trading? Or should we get a pail or two more from one of the caches?"

"Use only the one, for I feel that the Save-the-Country Army is restless this night."

The women were coming with the food, then. Second Eldest Brother's wife handed Li Liu his bowl, as he squatted there, and she poured the scalding tea for him. He accepted it with a smile. She, too, smiled briefly and went about the job of feeding the innumerable children crowding round the kitchen door.

It was millet, just as every night, millet boiled with wheat husks. It was a heavy gruel flavored with the smallest amount of rapeseed oil, soy, and vinegar. And it tasted the same as every night, even though the women, with their few condiments, had tried to vary the taste.

As Li Liu began eating, he started his nightly game. He played that there was a plump oyster in the bottom of the old chipped bowl, and the thought of it whetted his appetite. It had been nearly a year since he last tasted oysters, even though he grew them on stakes. For one unshucked oyster brought five times its weight in husks and millet, and it was this small margin that kept the family existing.

The children, too, were squatting along the wings, the homemade chairs were too few and the small table was reserved for the elders. Like Li Liu, they ate slowly, because all knew that food is more filling that way. They ate in silence, occasionally laying down their chopsticks and sipping their tea. And the aged one solemnly looked out over his grandchildren.

He was not eating this night, perhaps because of the fever, or perhaps because he felt that the future lay in the strength of young bodies and the old were just a burden.

The bottom of the bowl was without an oyster, just as Li Liu knew it would be. Quickly he finished his tea to forget his game, then arose to return his dishes to the kitchen. His stomach contained food. He could feel it there. But the fatless diet left him hungry.

"My son," the aged one called, and Li Liu walked to him. "Yes, my father?"

"Perhaps you better rest now," the aged one said. "We have to trade again this night. You are the youngest and the strongest. You will have to run the farthest."

Li Liu's thin chest swelled with pride. "I will rest, my father." He bowed, returned the dishes, and went to his barren, dirt-floored room at the end of the kitchen wing. Looking out through a barred window at the back, he saw that the two outposts of the Save-the-Country Army had come together. The four soldiers squatted at the side of the road, bent over a diagram that one was sketching with his bayonet. "Pigs!" Li Liu murmured, and his chest swelled—for hadn't the aged one called him the strongest?

"Pigs!" he repeated and sank down on his brick pallet. Flinging an arm over his eyes, he closed them and listened to the shouting of the children, as they began their evening games in the courtyard.

* * *

Eldest Brother, a small flickering candle held in his hand, woke him. Rubbing his eyes, Li Liu sat up, and Eldest Brother thrust forth a small package wrapped in a six-year-old copy of the now defunct Japanese *Taiwan Nichi Nichi Shimpo* . . . Formosan Daily News.

As Li Liu took the package, Eldest Brother said: "Our father says you are to go to the Pei family and trade for rice. Get all you can, but take no less than one half *kan*."

Li Liu felt the shells through the paper and appraised the weight of the package by lifting it in his hand. Rice was expensive. It took nearly one *kan*—a little over eight pounds—of unshucked oysters to obtain one half *kan* of polished rice. He looked up. "Have the others left yet?"

"They are leaving now, one by one. I, myself, go in a few moments to find a family who has two needles, and who will trade one."

Li Liu nodded. "It is good." No man was ever entrusted with all the trading. Each brother carried only a small bundle and secured only one item, for in case it was taken from him the loss to the family would be of the smallest.

"Be careful of the Save-the-Country Army," Eldest Brother warned. "The neighbors came and told us they have left the road."

In surprise, Li Liu stood up. "Where did they go?"

"No one knows. But we believe they have gone inland and thrown a guard line between us and the paddy fields. They know the inland people will not come down to trade because of them. And they know we have to go out. So we think they hope to catch us as we try slipping through their lines with food." He laid a hand on Li Liu's shoulder. "Please be careful, my brother."

Li Liu bowed and the blood of the wild Taiyal burned in his cheeks. No Save-the-Country soldier would ever catch him. "There will be rice for your wife, Eldest Brother," he said and placing the bundle under his arm went through the door leading to the courtyard.

The courtyard was quiet; the children were already at sleep on the brick pallets. Slipping through the hedge of giant bamboo, Li Liu stopped and closed his eyes tightly. He opened them slowly, then closed them again. When he was certain that his eyes were adjusted to the night, he set out cautiously into this world of barter.

The home of the Pei's, a Fukien Chinese family who owned nearly four acres of two crop-wet paddy fields, lay some three miles inland. Having traded with them often, Li Liu knew the way well. He avoided the road running to the back country, and slipped along the ridges separating the small, freshwater pools. Before reclaiming, this had been salt marshland. After draining and diking, the land was found to be too poor to raise even the common garden vegetables, so it fell to the hard-working Pepohoans, who turned it into carp ponds.

The mosquitoes were bad tonight, swarming over Li Liu's hands and face and bare legs. Yet he hesitated to brush them off for fear of making the least noise. He did not know where the Save-the-Country soldiers were, but he felt that they were somewhere out ahead of him.

The moon was in its last quarter and a gray cloud hung over it. He was thankful for the darkness and moved swiftly, yet cautiously. Others were moving through the night, too. He could hear the sounds about him. Yet not knowing if it was merely neighbors going to trade or Save-the-Country soldiers there to take, he shied away—zigzagging from ridge to ridge. Sometimes he paused, listening. Sometimes he sank flat to the ground, holding his breath when a sound was too near. Or sometimes he sped along the ridges with a swiftness inherited from his wild ancestors.

The farther inland he went the more cautious he grew. The land was better, richer here. Small patches of vegetables and wheat replaced the carp ponds. And Li Liu eyed the patches, unguarded in the darkness. But this was still Pepohoan country, and a man did not steal from his own people. Quickly, he pressed on.

Reaching a narrow dirt road, running parallel with the sea, he stopped and laid flat. Carefully, he looked up and down, and his heart pounded within him. Across the road the rice paddies stretched back inland. The rice was ready for the harvest; it was ripe on the stalks. And Li Liu knew he must desert the comparative safety of the ridges between the fields, for he was coming into Fukien country. Now he must run straight down the middle of the roads.

Somewhere in those fields, sturdy Fukien Chinese farmers were watching over their ripened crops. Some held the short, curved sickles in their hands. Some grasped bows of split bamboo, built up in much the same manner as an auto spring, and the stone-tipped, bamboo arrows would fly before a question was asked. For the Fukien people feared the Pepohoan as much as the Hakka people of the foothills feared the aborigine. The raw savage would lop off a head, killing instantly, while the hungry tame savage would strip a field, bringing slow death by starvation.

The two groups traded because they were dependent upon each other. The Pepohoan needed the cereals of the Fukien Chinese; the wealthier Fukien felt in need of the carp, and sea food, and salt of the Pepohoan. Yet there was a tacit understanding. The Pepohoan would keep to the middle of the roads while on a trading expedition, and the Fukien would hold their arrows.

Li Liu rose to his knees and tightened his grip on the small bundle. He was certain that this road was the guard line of the Save-the-Country soldiers; he was certain that they crouched along it, waiting. He glanced at the ridges running through the rice paddies, which would take him away from the soldiers, then stood up and walked to the middle of the road.

The arrows, he knew, had been stuck for days in the rotting flesh of dead rats, and the least scratch from one of them would kill a man before he could run a quarter mile.

He started down the road with the trot of the rikisha boy, a gait he could keep up for miles without becoming winded. But his thin shoulders were tensed because he felt the Save-the-Country soldiers would loom out of the darkness at any moment. Once or twice bamboo creaked as a bow was drawn, but he ran straight down the middle, and heard the pressure on the bow being released.

The sweat stood out on his forehead, not from exertion, but from the thought of the soldiers who might be lurking in the shadows, the soldiers who would take the small bundle clasped tightly under his arm. He reached a crossroad, started to turn inland again, when a figure rose up in each of the four corners, ringing him in. "Stop!" came a gutteral voice in the Cantonese dialect, and the tingling fear started in Li Liu's chest, swept up in his throat.

He stood there in the middle of the crossroads, his hand tightening on the bundle. The four figures came out of the night, converging on him; and he looked at them, looked for their rifles. But they had no rifles, three had machetes—the deadly, sharp-bladed cane knives—and the fourth had a snub-nosed Japanese pistol. He knew, then, that he had not run into the soldiers at all, but into the roving banditti, who nightly came out from the towns.

They closed in on him, and the tip of a machete was pressed against his stomach. "What do you have there?" the harsh voice of the wielder demanded in Cantonese.

Li Liu heard a soft moan from the ditch. Another trader, perhaps one of his very own brothers, had run into this band and now lay dying along the side of the road. And he knew what they would do with him if he tried resisting. The machete would be plunged into the soft flesh of his belly. It would be twisted with an upward motion, cutting, tearing. And his life blood would drain, wetting down the dust. "I have oysters," he said in Cantonese, his shoulders slumping.

A faceless, shadowy figure held out his hand. "Give them to me!"

Slowly, Li Liu took the package from under his arm. Then quickly he side-stepped the knife in his stomach and kicked out, kicked for the groin of the wielder. He heard that one's sickened groan as he doubled up, and saw the machete drop to the ground. Li Liu grabbed it, turned and swung at the hand holding the pistol. The tremor that ran up through the blade told him that he had struck flesh, had cut to the bone.

He ran, then, ran up the road—the small bundle grasped in one hand, the machete in the other. He ran with all his strength, and the shots rang out in the night. A bullet plowed into the road beside him, three or four passed overhead. But a pistol is accurate only up to a few yards, and his speed carried him out of range.

Still he ran, his heart throbbing wildly, and it was his bursting lungs that finally made him slow to a trot. He went along, straight down the middle of the road, more cautious now than ever before, until he reached the home of the Pei family.

The house sat back a short distance from the road; and it was much like his own, except that it had a tile roof and the mortar was not crumbled. But the main house was there with its two wings and bamboo hedge, closing off the courtyard, and security swept over Li Liu. Yet he did not leave the road, for no man approached the home of another without identifying himself.

"Mr. Pei," he called. "Mr. Pei. This is a friend. I come to trade."

It was a moment before someone answered. "Who is there?"

"Li Liu of the Pepohoan people."

"Come through the hedge, Li Liu."

He walked slowly toward the path cut into the giant bamboo. Then remembering the machete in his hand, he hid it in the hedge and entered the courtyard. Apparently it was one of the Pei's sons who had heard his call and had answered from a barred window in the wings, for no one was waiting for him in the courtyard. Seeing a feeble light in the main house, he made for it.

Mr. Pei was sitting on a small stool near the altar; and when Li Liu reached the doorway, he looked up. He was, perhaps, sixty, slight of build and in the light from the small lamp his face was deeply wrinkled. To-night he wore the traditional garb of the Fukien people—the silken trousers and high-necked jacket of somber hue, white socks, and the flat silk slippers. "Come in, Li Liu," he said softly. "Come in and be seated." Then noticing Li Liu's heaving chest, he went on: "I cannot offer you food, but we can have a cup of tea together. It will restore your breath." And he called to someone in the wings.

Li Liu sat on a stool, placing the bundle on his knees, and began opening it. "I brought oysters."

The old one regarded him. "No salt?"

"We do not start making salt until tomorrow, Mr. Pei. We just finished the oyster harvest today. Tomorrow when the tide comes in, flooding the flat, we will dike in the water. Then as soon as the sun dries it, we will have salt to trade. It will be a few days though."

"We need salt badly," Mr. Pei said. "Will you bring some?"

"Yes." Li Liu bowed.

"And do you have carp?"

"Yes, but they are not big enough to eat yet. Perhaps they will be ready in another month."

"What of the milkfish?"

"We have but a few, because we had no money to buy the nurse fish from the deep sea fishermen to stock our ponds."

"Wouldn't they take salt in trade for the nurse fish?"

"Our salt was requisitioned by the Save-the-Country Army," Li Liu said simply, and showed the opened package of oysters to Mr. Pei. "I will take two *kan* of good rice for these."

Mr. Pei regarded the shells. "I am too tired to bargain this night, Li Liu."

"But they are plump oysters, Mr. Pei. And you can use the shells for your chickens. Surely they are worth . . ."

Mr. Pei held up a long-nailed, wrinkled hand. "The requisitioner of food was here today. He left me little, my son, except a weary heart. What is the least amount your father said you must receive for these?"

"One half *kan*," Li Liu replied truthfully. "We need it badly, Mr. Pei. Eldest Brother's wife is with child. She needs the good rice now."

It was a fair price, and Mr. Pei nodded. "All right. I will trade."

Li Liu arose and handed the oysters to the old one, then sat down again on his stool.

From the kitchen wing, a slight girl of seventeen appeared, carrying a pot of tea and two cups. And Li Liu knew that was Mr. Pei's youngest daughter. He had seen her once or twice before, knew her name to be Mai-ling. And though he dare not stare at her, he was aware of her smooth, bronzed skin—for the Fukien women do not work with their men in the fields. He caught the scent of incense that clung to her red silk jacket, and the loneliness came surging up in him.

"Pour the tea, Mai-ling," her father said. Looking, Li Liu saw that the old one was regarding the newspaper in which the oysters were wrapped, and he risked a glance at her. She bent over, carefully filling the cups, and her dark eyes were impassive. Yet Li Liu knew she was aware of him. The slight flush in her cheeks told him that, and her hand, pouring the tea, trembled. The tightness crossed his chest, the veins in his throat throbbed, and his yearning for her was born in the loneliness of night. Quickly, he looked to her father.

"*Taiwan Nichi Nichi Shimpo* . . . the Formosan Daily News," the old one read in Japanese. With a shake of his head, he folded the paper around the oyster shells and handed them to his daughter. "Mai-ling, give these to your eldest brother to hide, and tell him to bring me half a *kan* of rice from the caches."

Bowing, she took the bundle. As she walked from them, Li Liu caught the flicker from the silver bracelet round her slender wrist, heard the soft rustle of silk. The old one was gazing out into the night, and Li Liu's look followed her. Then as she entered the door, leading to the kitchen wing, she did a wondrous thing. Shyly, she glanced back and for a moment Li Liu looked into her eyes. In that instant they were soft; then, flushing, she disappeared somewhere into the house.

The old one was speaking, yet Li Liu hardly heard, for the rustle of silk was in his ears. "The Japanese took," the old one was saying. "Yet they gave, too. In the spring we used to go to their experimental stations and get the *horai,* the improved rice for seed." His voice grew bitter. "Now we must use what we can save, that is, if they leave you anything. Why, for my second crop next month I have to use red rice, and black rice, and decan grass."

His bitterness brought Li Liu back to the reality of the room. The old man handed him a cup of tea and went on: "Then, you could get the blue powder, ammonium sulphate they called it, and it gave life to the paddy fields. I remember when the stocks were as thick as the hairs on a young man's head. Now the fields are as sparse as an old man's beard. The blue powder . . . the pigs never think of supplying us with that. They just take, and take, and take."

Li Liu sipped the hot, but weak, tea. "I know, Mr. Pei," he said. "I know."

"And you could go into the towns," the old one continued. "You could drive your water buffalo cart down the high road in daylight or darkness, and no one would touch your rice. And you could sell it, and the money was good to buy cotton and silk cloth. Then, you could buy what you needed in the towns."

Li Liu regarded the old one. "One of the agents for the People's Liberation Army came through our country two days ago. He said that when the Liberation Army lands things will be better than ever before."

Alarm sprang into the old man's face. "Did he make you any promises?"

"Yes. He said if any of their agents should come in from the sea at night and we hid them from the Save-the-Country Army, and if we helped the People's Liberation soldiers when they landed—showed them the back roads, pointed out the Save-the-Country defenses—then he would see that we received good rice land."

The old one leaned forward anxiously. "Was it Fukien land he promised you?"

"Yes, Mr. Pei."

"Do not believe him, my son. They have made promises to us also. They have promised us the land of the Hakka. And they have promised the Hakka . . ."

"We do not believe," Li Liu interrupted. "We have heard of their promises. They told the Cantonese in the cities that if they helped, they would be rewarded with the salt monopoly. That means we would lose our salt flats to the Canton people." He looked out at the night. "But the Liberation soldiers are good. The smugglers who go to the mainland tell us they do not rob, or loot, or touch the crops."

"They have no need to," Mr. Pei said bitterly. "The government behind them is made up of the biggest looters in this world. They take more than food. They take land itself. And they'll take you, my son. If they need you, they'll take you from your family."

"They'll never do that," Li Liu flashed.

"Oh, yes, they will. If they should ever take this island, you will see. Then, if they decide they need you to mine coal in the north of Korea, they'll put you on a ship. If they need someone to pick ming beans in Manchuria, you will do it. Or if the whim strikes them, they'll make a night soil collector out of you in Taichu City." The old man shook his head. "If only the Save-the-Country Army would try to build up, if only they would establish law and order . . ." He shrugged. "But what choice do they give us—we can only select the smaller sow. Yet what can you expect any Army to do but take? When the cheeks of the soldiers are plump and their bellies are rounded like that of the smiling Buddha, then the arm of the farmer is like this." He held out a skinny wrist.

"The Army of the real men does not take," Li Liu said quickly.

"The Army of the real men?" Mr. Pei questioned.

"The Army of the white skins. The Americans. And they do not have requisitioners," Li Liu went on rapidly. "We know. My people have seen. The Japanese took many of the Pepohoan with them to the Philippines, and to Okinawa, and to other places. They were afraid to give us guns, because they knew who we would turn them on. But they made our people pack ammunition and supplies to the front lines."

"They did?"

"Yes. But the Pepohoan used to desert," Li Liu continued. "My friends told me how they would slip over to the American side. And the Americans were good to them, just as they were good to the Filipinos and the Okinawans. My friends say the Americans never took from the fields. They brought all their food in packages, and cans, and boxes.

And often the soldiers would share the boxes with a hungry family. The Pepohoan has seen with his own eyes. Even the Taiyal in the mountains has seen, because the Japanese tried using them as scouts once, but they killed too many Japanese officers."

The sound of footsteps came from the kitchen wing, and Li Liu glanced up hopefully. But the eldest son, and not Mai-ling, entered the room and disappointment was plain in Li Liu's eyes.

"I bring half a *kan* of rice from one of the caches, my father," the eldest said.

It was placed in the same copy of the Formosan Daily News that had carried the oyster shells. The old one took the bundle and held it out. "Do you wish to go to the scales and weigh it, Li Liu?"

Li Liu regarded the rice, weighing a little over four pounds. It was mixed rice—black, red, ordinary, improved. It was the best a man could get these days. He glanced at the old man. "No, I will not weigh it. I believe you, Mr. Pei. But now I must go. The banditti are out, and I may have to take many roundabout roads to get home."

As he finished his tea, the old one carefully folded the newspaper around the rice. Setting down his cup, Li Liu arose. "Please excuse me, Mr. Pei."

The old man handed him the package, and they walked to the door together. Somehow, Li Liu was certain that Mai-ling was watching from one of the darkened wings, and his shoulders straightened. At the door the old man stopped him for a moment. "Li Liu, will you bring salt to trade? We need it badly."

And because Li Liu knew that her soft eyes were on him and because his heart was singing, he did a rash, extravagant thing. "I will start making you some the first thing in the morning, Mr. Pei," he said. "And I will give it to you. Free."

He trotted through the night, clutching his small parcel of rice, and his grip on the machete was firm. Though he was ever watchful for the shadowy forms that rose out of the darkness, still his mind was on other things, and his lips carried a smile.

He would find a way so that the family could feed one . . . no . . . many more. He would wade out into the sea, sinking his bamboo stakes, reclaiming the mud flats and sand bars, raising hundreds of thousands of oysters. And even when he came to deep water, that wouldn't stop him. He would build a *teppai* raft out of giant bamboo, sail it out and catch mackerel, and herring, swordfish, and sea bream. She would have good rice three times a day—not tasteless millet and husks. And when he came through the hedge in the evening, she would be wearing red-silken jackets. And her hair would be glossy from the sweet smelling oils he would buy her in the cities. And her eyes would be tender as she waited only for him.

* * *

A flickering candle burned in the main house of his own home as he came through the bamboo hedge. He crossed the darkened courtyard to deliver his small package of rice to his father, and his heart was still singing. It wasn't until he passed through the door, that he heard the strange voices, and he glanced around the room in alarm.

His brothers were gathered there, sitting on the tamped earthen floor. Then he saw the two Save-the-Country soldiers—their rifles over their knees—sitting on the stools before the family altar. And his slender body went rigid.

"Is this the one who brings the rice?" one of the soldiers questioned. He was a paunchy man of thirty-eight—with broken, yellow teeth and pockmarked, sallow cheeks—whose youth had begun its flight at the Marco Polo bridge. Whose pride had left his consumptive, dysentery-racked body in the long retreat from Mukden, whose hatred of the enemy was long gone. He was a man who looked for a bowl of rice, and a cup of wine, and a sing-song girl tonight, for tomorrow he may be a bloated, blue-green carcass lying along the shore.

Li Liu's father, his old face burning with fever, nodded.

"Give it here," the other soldier ordered Li Liu.

And Li Liu stared sullenly at this young recruit of the Formosan-Chinese peasantry, who for the first time in his life was feeling the power of a rifle and the opportunity to rise above poverty.

"Give it here," the recruit demanded again.

Li Liu looked to his father, looked to his brothers. But they were weary, silent men who offered no help. Slowly, he handed over the package.

The recruit tore off the paper, examined the rice, and his young face was scornful. "This isn't enough to bother with."

Yet the veteran was eyeing it. "Tell one of the women to cook it. We might as well eat."

"But it is for my brother's wife, who is in the eighth month with child," Li Liu said.

"Sit down," the recruit ordered. "We are hungry." He turned to the father. "Tell one of the women to come here."

As Li Liu squatted on the earthen floor, his father called to the wings. Second Eldest Brother's wife entered and received stern instructions from the recruit that she must prepare a meal. The men stared at their feet; but Li Liu, the machete in his lap, stared hard at the young one. "Are the two of you going to eat half a *kan* of rice?" he asked.

"We have friends," the recruit said. "We'll eat what we want and take the rest to the other outpost. They'll be hungry, too."

Li Liu realized that one outpost had been going from house to house collecting, while the other was standing guard over the loot down on the road. His anger arose. "Why don't you let us alone?"

"Why don't you mind your own business?" the recruit flashed. He bent down and examined the things before him on the floor. "A needle. Millet. Husks. Quinine. A piece of red cloth." His voice grew scornful. "This junk won't bring much on the market."

The veteran was sprawling on the stool, his back resting against the altar, his legs outstretched. "It's worth at least a few cups of wine. And when you collect from house to house, it adds up."

"But we're splitting four ways," the recruit said, "and the truck driver, who collects, will want at least half a share." He turned to Li Liu's father. "Where is your food buried, old man?"

"We have no food buried," the aged one said. "I told you a hundred times, my son. The requisitioner took everything we have."

The recruit regarded him sharply. "I am of the Formosan Chinese. I know the tricks. Is it hidden in the hedge?"

"There is none there."

The recruit shook his rifle menacingly. "I think I'll just make you show me." Yet even he knew that it was an idle threat; for though he beat or shot, these people would never expose their caches. He knew he must find the food himself. Quickly, he stood up, turned to his partner. "I'm going to look through the house. Maybe I can find something of value."

"We are just poor people," the father said. "We have nothing, my son."

But the recruit paid little attention. From his pocket he took an American-made flashlight and disappeared into the kitchen wing.

Li Liu's hand trembled. He looked to his brothers, and they stared at the floor. The young one was prowling through the sleeping quarters, and the whimpering of the half-awakened children reached the room. "This is our home," Li Liu thought. "He has no right to disturb the family." Yet he realized that the man with the rifle had many rights.

The young one went into the kitchen, and Li Liu heard his curses because he was finding nothing of value. For, in reality, there was nothing to find. Presently, he came back into the main room, a smile on his face, and Li Liu's heart sank within him. Even the fevered eyes of the aged were wide with fright, and the brothers stared open-mouthed.

The young one was carrying the picture of the god of the hearth. He held it at arm's length, examining it, and his smile broadened. "This ought to be worth a little," he said to his partner, and sat the picture down beside the needle, and the millet, and the husks.

Li Liu saw the fierce scowl on his god's face. The god of the hearth was angry this night for being moved from his place among the kettles, where the boiling water sang songs to him. The god's eyes were blazing in the light of the flickering candle. And the whimpering of the children floated into the room.

In that instant with his god lying on the earthen floor before him, Li Liu of the assimilated savages became as the wild tribesmen, who carried a rhea net in which to put his taken heads. His hand tightened on the machete. Slowly he arose, keeping the young soldier between him and the rifle of the veteran, and the machete came up.

The young one was caught with his gun slung over his shoulder. He was looking into the wild eyes of the Taiyal and seeing death there. Helplessly, he looked to the faces of the brothers and saw no mercy. Faltering, he stepped back, the blood draining from his cheeks. In desperation, he uttered the only words that might save him. *"Pao chia,"* he whispered, *"Pao chia."*

They were ugly words that held the machete in mid-air, stopped its downward slash. They were the name of the deadly system of mutual responsibility, whereby each and every member of the family, or the family taken as a whole, can be held accountable for the actions of one man. And now Li Liu trembled. He could always take to the hills, go back to the wild Taiyal; and if he brought the head of a non-man, he would be welcomed. But the aged one, his father; and the children, and the women . . . no, he couldn't have them condemned because of what he did. Slowly, he brought down the machete.

The young recruit breathed easier, still Li Liu stood before him. The aged one rose to his feet and addressed the soldiers. "Will you please excuse my son. Sometimes his temper gets the best of him."

The soldiers were silent, eyeing Li Liu.

"Please," the aged one went on. "He meant no harm. I have a little wine put away. Let us have a cup in the name of friendship."

The veteran looked up. "You have wine?"

"Yes, a little sweet wine. Li Liu, sit down so the soldiers can drink."

"Yes, my father," Li Liu said. "But before I do, this other soldier will sling his rifle over his shoulder, too. And both of them must keep their guns slung, while I hold the machete in my hand."

"Sweet wine, eh?" The veteran was saying. "Well bring it, old one." Unceremoniously, he slung the rifle and his face lit in anticipation of the drink.

Painfully the aged one arose, every bone in his fever-racked body aching, and went to his room behind the altar. In a moment he returned, carrying a small porcelain jug, and Li Liu was frightened. He looked at the picture of the god of the hearth. This was the wine which all families kept on hand. This was the wine used by all families in which to soak the picture of their god, before burning, in case they had been bad and did not want the report of their activity to reach heaven.

Now the aged one was pouring two bowls and offering one to each soldier. Then he sat the jug between them. "It is all yours," he said. "Please drink in the name of friendship."

Li Liu understood, then. If a god can get drunk on wine, so can a lesser man, and pigs will drink until the last drop of swill is gone. He settled himself and waited as the candle burned lower.

The veteran, his stomach weakened by longer practice, fell off the stool first. He rolled onto the dirt floor, rested his head on his arms, and his snoring filled the room. The little circle watched the recruit, watched his eyes glaze, then close, then open, and close again as his chin sunk to his chest.

They waited in silence, watching, then almost as one man they arose. Eldest Brother made for the kitchen to hide the half-cooked, but still precious, rice that must be used only for his wife. Second Eldest Brother picked up the needle, which would be hid in the thatch roof, and the millet, husks, and strip of bright cloth. The two other brothers moved toward the soldiers to carry them down to their friends with a guileless report that they had been found drunk.

"Li Liu," the aged one whispered, picking up the quinine. "Take the god of the hearth. Take him quickly. Run and burn." He held out a sulphur match.

Li Liu's hand trembled. The picture of the god should be burned on the first day of the New Year, not in June. Yet he did as his father bid, for in this world of man not even a god was safe anymore. Li Liu clasped the picture reverently. He passed out through the courtyard and through the hedge. He ran as fast as his legs would carry him along the ridges separating the carp ponds, until he stood out in the middle of the darkness.

Kneeling, he placed the god on the dry ground and took the match in his hand, then hesitated. They were safe for one more night, but what of the morrow when the soldiers were sober again? Would they come back seeking revenge? Li Liu bit his lips. He would have to make a bamboo bow and get some poisoned arrows from the Fukien, and . . .

Pao chia, the words came to him. *Pao chia.* It was the same deadly system of mutual responsibility used in the prisoner-of-war camps. The sense of helplessness filled him, slumping his shoulders.

Then he remembered and smiled. Cupping his hands, he lit the match, reverently touching it to the picture of the god of the hearth. The dry paper caught, and the flame burst bright and orange in the night. Li Liu watched the smoke rise as his god was wafted to heaven to make his report.

He knew that the god would tell how the family had tried to be good, helping one another. And he knew that his god would tell the powers that be how much help the family needed: how they wanted to keep their little plot of flooded land, how they wanted to keep the food that was rightfully theirs so that the family could live, could continue to have strong sons and fine daughters. And he knew that the god would ask for the real men to be sent there among them.

Li Liu grinned. In his mind's eye, he could see the decorated sedan chair—bringing the smiling, blushing Mai-ling down from the Pei family home. He could hear the musicians, marching before, their cymbals clanging. They would march right down the highroad, without fear that the banditti would take her silver bracelets, or the dowry, or her silken cloths. And the farmers would come over to the sides of the road, leaving their crops unguarded. Smiling farmers, who wished them well.

Then, a man would not have to run through the night, risking his life at each step Then, a man would live without fear with the one of his choice. For such, he knew, is the order of real men.

History

By MARGARET CROSLAND

History is a book.
History is a scroll in a glass case.
History is a group of grey-haired men looking at ruined temples.

History is a voice.
History is the man selling evening papers.
History is the cinema-queue listening to squeaky accordions.

Yet

We are the maps.
We are the artful statistics.
We are the prize-winning essays written by clever students.

We are the treaty.
We are the Order in Council.
We are the fighting at the frontier, for we are history.

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Our Mixed Economy

By JOHN P. LEWIS

THE PHRASE, "the mixed economy," is not yet a venerable cliché, but it is already a significant one. It has been widely used in this country only since Alvin Hansen and other American Keynesians began popularizing it a dozen years ago. Of all the watchwords now clogging public policy discussion, however, the term probably comes closest to encompassing what there is of a doctrine or conceptual core among moderate, slightly-left-of-center, postwar "liberals." And, by the same token, its fuzziness and lack of charm evidence the terminological doldrums into which "the vital center" has drifted.

The ideological plight of middle-of-the-roaders has been well publicized. Roll the words "mixed economy" around your tongue for a moment, and you have the essence of it. Smacking as they do of mixed vegetables and mixed metaphors, they invite a neither-fish-nor-fowl indictment. And this, of course, they regularly incur from critics, like Professor Hayek, who make the most of middle-of-the-roaders' classic propensity for being put semantically on the defensive. Invariably moderates get trapped into arguing their case in the language of the extremes on either hand. As soon as they do, their credos become constipated with exceptions, qualifications, and apparent inconsistencies.

For another thing, you will notice that the essential savor of a "mixed economy" is hard to define. It appears to be all things to all people. To you it stands for the present British experiment poised somewhere between American "free enterprise" and Russian "communism." To your neighbor it connotes a system under which government regulates utilities but does not engage in any socialistic tomfoolery like TVA. In the old *New Yorker* cartoon, the wizened patrician in the club chair presumably

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was talking about the mixed economy when he quavered that ". . . it all started when they took over the Post Office."

Can a phrase susceptible of such diverse readings be given any rigorous and, at the same time, widely acceptable meaning? My intent here is to suggest that this one can. The attempt to find a hard, but relatively noncontroversial, core of meaning in the mixed economy idea must be prefaced, however, by a closer look at the intellectual flabbiness which currently besets the concept. And even before this, a charge must be met: the charge that any effort of this kind is a mistake—or, at least, that any attempt to specify in something like systematic detail the area of agreement among contemporary middle-of-the-roaders is a disservice to the moderate-liberal position.

The mists which cloud the ultimate goals and social ideals of moderates are, without doubt, a considerable political asset. Caught in the cross fire of the either/or dialectitians, the moderate is apt to grow impatient with grand designs in general. But, however much he seeks public protection in the garb of the "practical compromiser" who cannot afford to waste time on a lot of highfalutin verbalizations, and however publicly he erects into a life principle "the art of muddling through," privately he still requires some positive directional goals. Even the most sophisticated moderate is likely to get his goals by falling back on a set of simple, unspoiled "common sense" values which he exempts from critical inspection. He deliberately de-intellectualizes his ideology. He is *for* the underdog and free speech and *against* discrimination and grossly unfair income distribution, and that is that.

The only conceptual common denominator which can be detected in the New and Fair Deals era thus far is a kind of pass-the-meat-and-potatoes philosophy of this unsophisticated sort. It has provided a broad, unexacting basis for agreement, enhancing the ability of moderates to hold together working majorities as often as they have. The trouble is that the kind of conceptual core which boils down to a fine, warm feeling has become too expensive a luxury in the postwar world. It contributes a shapelessness to policy harder to tolerate now than during the great improvisations of the '30's when government threw around only a fraction of its present weight. Furthermore, it provides no robust, well-understood criteria for differentiating moderate-liberal views from those of the extreme left. The lack of such standards is proving embarrassing and enervating. Witness, for example, the time and effort which Americans for Democratic Action has felt constrained to spend in rather frantic, negativistic anti-commie name-calling to prove that it isn't tarred with the nasty brush. And ADA, of all moderate-liberal organizations, is probably the one with the greatest leadership potential.

At this stage of the game, then, the middle-of-the-road cause seems likelier to be helped than hurt by an effort to probe beneath its public relations surface in search of a more rigorous set of controlling ideas than commonly is attributed to it. "The mixed economy" is fair game for a laying on of analytical hands; it has academic roots, and it never was very good phrase-making anyway.

II

In the great debates about "social systems," nothing else does quite as much to tie the tongues of middle-of-the-roaders as the sleight-of-hand artistry of their adversaries. An extremist of the "right" or "left" almost never pleads his case without ricocheting back and forth between two distinct levels of discussion. Part of the time he is talking about some extant set of politico-economic arrangements spread out as of this date over some particular portion of the earth's surface. He may, for example, be defending the present set-up in Soviet-occupied Germany or in our automobile industry. But much of the time, while still seeming to speak factually of East Germany and American automobiles, actually he is extolling an ideal system, or—to use the more neutral phrase—an *abstract model,* which bears only theoretical resemblance to his real world subject.

The facility with which extremists hop back and forth between the world as it is and models of what ought to be is a phenomenon of the modern ideological universe of public discourse. It is a kind of polarized universe in which there stands, at each of the poles, a utopian abstraction, wholly self-consistent and timeless. Neither of these ever has been mirrored in the real world, or ever will, because, to put it garishly, each is a popular notion of what heaven should be like.

The polar model technically labelled "classical liberalism" and commonly designated by variations on the "free enterprise" theme has radiated the dominant American ideology for a century and a half. Closely examined, its details are complex and often surprisingly unfamiliar. In its economic aspect alone, as many as fifteen essential conditions must be assumed if the model is to work the way it's supposed to.[1] None of the assumed conditions match the circumstances of our 1950 economy exactly; many are grossly unrealistic. Nevertheless—granting the unfamiliarity of many of us with the intricacies of the classical liberal model—the width of the gap between it and any advanced twentieth century economy has been dinned into enough heads by enough economics instructors long enough to make it unnecessary to belabor the point here.

The hiatus, for instance, between "perfect competition" and the kind of competition existing among large American corporations is, by now, pretty widely recognized. There is less awareness among Americans of the even wider gap between, let us say, Russian arrangements and the ideal construct at the other ideological pole. In order to avoid the distractions imposed by the usual labels, I shall call this model "pure communalism." Whereas in classical liberalism individuals are the irreducible and insoluble atoms out of and for which the system is made, in its opposite number the individual finds himself by losing himself in the community. The latter is the essential concept, the organism of which the individual is a cell. People, in the one case, work and contribute out of an acquisitive propensity and fare accordingly. In pure communalism they are selfless. Public service is the sole motivation, and incomes are related to need rather than contribution. Under classical liberalism, economic activity is organized and administered in what is taken to be the public interest by the automatic directives of an impersonal market actuated by the quest for profit. Similar market mechanisms can be installed in a purely communal system, but there they lack the automatic motive force; they must be consciously and centrally co-ordinated. Government, in the classical liberal model, polices the market place and performs a few other community-wide functions. But its role is minimal. Its role in pure communalism is ambiguous. From one point of view, it is all-pervasive: a co-ordinator who, from the vantage of a society-wide perspective, can define what, in particular instances, the public interest is. But, by definition, it wields no coercive authority for the simple reason that there is no place for a big stick in a society populated exclusively by Good Samaritans.

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[1] In his essay, "The Ethics of Competition," published in the volume of the same title (New York: 1935), Professor Frank Knight names twelve assumptions of the classical economic model, and his list permits several amendments.

Weighed in the scales of our dominant religious traditions, pure communalism is, pretty clearly, the loftier of the two ideals; and, in its utterly visionary reading of human nature, it is even less realistic a model of any predictable industrial society than is classical liberalism. One measure of this unrealism is the amount of elaborately coercive government Russian Marxists have required in their haste to achieve the millenium—government endowed with so much disciplinary authority that it bids fair to forget its expendability. And, under Western eyes, its workings, at any rate, are extremely distasteful.

The ideological predicament of the mixed economy advocate in a situation where our ideas are polarized and our institutions are not is obvious. He denies himself the easy identifications between polar models and Soviet income distribution or the market superintended by the American Medical Association. At the same time, he lacks effective alternative models of his own around which to rally like-minded people. He has some, but they are emotionally and aesthetically inferior. Made explicit, they rouse dissension in the ranks. In part, of course, the predicament is unavoidable; there is a link between religious fervor and unworldly ideals to which the concept of the mixed economy never can aspire. But I think that it is the *kind* of mixed economy model ordinarily lofted to public view which is mainly at fault.

The usual explanation of "what the mixed economy means" contains some statement about the division of productive activity between private and public enterprise. And if the expositor is trying to be precise enough to be meaningful, he gets himself into hot water. It is clear enough that the postal system ought to be public and delicatessens private, but what about the electric power industry? Should it be private and regulated, partly that and partly public, or wholly public? Should we follow Adam Smith's advice and nationalize the insurance business? The meticulous model-builder chooses up sides and makes enemies.

A conventional description of the mixed economy goes on to speak of parallel public and private expenditures; in a mixed economy people do a considerable fraction of their consuming and investing collectively, via government spending. Invariably a proponent of this state of affairs mentions, by way of explaining it, that the relevant expenditure ratio in this country at present is one part public to three or four parts private. But does that mean that this is the "right" ratio? Shouldn't the public share be less? Shouldn't it be more? Whatever magic fraction he chooses, the conscientious advocate sheds sympathizers on either side.

In addition, the usual exposition talks about—and probably this is its most significant phase—controls. It may be said, for example, that the intricate regulation of most commercial activity is best left to the control of competitive markets disciplined and purged by a vigorous government anti-monopoly program; and that in those few markets where competition is unattainable or undesirable—the public utility and "natural monopoly" area—government must do the regulating itself. One sure way to thin the mixed economy ranks, however, is to press this prescription dogmatically. There are many reasonable middle-of-the-roaders who doubt the effectiveness of any achievable anti-trust policy. Few of them will countenance the literal application of such a program to wage bargaining. Some favor partial or full public operation of natural monopolies. Others question, as the Supreme Court has been inclined to do for the last sixteen years, the feasibility of compartmentalizing business into one kind which is somehow "affected with the public interest" and another kind which is not.

Still under the heading of controls, the standard mixed economy prescription almost certainly emphasizes the particular responsibility of government for using its unique fiscal and monetary powers to regulate the amount of total expenditures in the community with an end to promoting high, stable levels of employment. While a fiscal policy so employed comes close to being an essential area of agreement for mixed-economy-ites, sharp and divisive differences arise over the degree of fiscal and monetary flexibility desirable; over the distribution of authority between legislative and administrative agencies; over the subordination of stabilization objectives to other policy purposes; and over the supplementation of fiscal and monetary programs, particularly in periods of inflationary pressure, by more direct and meddlesome government interventions.

The foregoing is not an exhaustive review of the controversial details of politico-economic structure with which the ordinary mixed economy architect is likely to concern himself. But it is enough to indicate why this kind of model-building inspires so little agreement and has no permanence. It tries to ape the polar models in their one supremely unworldly aspect. That is their exclusion of the critical factor of social change. Neither classical liberalism nor pure communalism allows for any reshuffling of institutional patterns once the ideal system is attained. They do permit quantitative growth or decline in population, income and resources; they even allow for changes in consumer tastes, the composition of the economy's output, and productive methods as long as they don't upset the organization of industry. But *structurally,* the polar models are static. Given the ideological universe, it would be rather silly if they weren't, for they are the limits which real world situations approach. There is no place for reform in heaven.

When the mixed economy designers try to market the same sort of static blueprint—when, in effect, they single out, from the numberless series of possibilities which stretches between the two poles, one particular expenditure, production, and control pattern for the special contemplation of posterity—they instigate bickering among their own people. And, what is worse, they disqualify themselves from answering the one question they are in the best position to handle: namely, how the process of structural change itself should be effected. They are at their strongest here, and not when specifying utopia, or even the next way-stop to it.

It is precisely here, on the dynamics of change, that there is something very close to a consensus among middle-of-the-roaders. They do share beliefs concerning the fact, the general direction, the desirable character, and the desirable rate of structural change in the American economy. Here, not in snapshots of ideal institutional patterns, lie the imperatives of their position.

III

What follows is going to be dogmatic in any case. There is no point in trying to phrase it delicately. There are seven propositions which seem to me fundamental to the area of agreement among proponents of the mixed economy.

1. *Modern democratic government has an unlimited responsibility for protecting and promoting the general welfare.*

This point is not always made explicit by contemporary middle-of-the-roaders, but it always underlies their position. Government is the highest formal authority in our society. It is the one organization responsible to the whole community and the only organization to which we all belong. The Church once claimed this role; later it offered to share it. But today the Church must rely on government to enforce its limited claims—such as freedom of worship—and there is no social problem which government does not have the ultimate responsibility for solving.

It does not always pursue this responsibility overtly, and it is a good, though not conclusive, symptom when it does not. But if a problem does grow really serious in the eyes of a considerable portion of the community, a popular government must do something; it cannot persistently duck the issue and survive. There are, in this country, no significant economic difficulties which lie outside the latent or potential bailiwick of government—although there certainly may be some which lie beyond its competence. Constitutional restraints upon governmental powers do not upset this contention. For actually the "living Constitution" is articulated by the courts, and it represents only a wise and systematic official reluctance to extend government activities to new problem areas precipitously. It offers no permanent block to the doctrine of unlimited responsibility regularly enforced at the polls.

2. *The overwhelming balance of both economic and political power in the American economy is concentrated now and for the foreseeable future in the hands of a relatively small number of well organized producer groups.*

This is not a very attractive proposition to most mixed economy proponents, but they do accept it as an essential fact which cannot be wished away or overlooked in devising a workable procedure of reform. To say "a relatively small number" of groups is designedly inexact. But it conveys the correct impression if the classical liberal model is the standard for comparison. A roster of the institutions which make most of the strategic commercial decisions and which are mainly influential in shaping public policy in the United States would run to several hundred names. But such a list of large corporations, corporate and financial interest groups, trade associations, national business organizations, national unions, labor federations, and farm organizations can be grouped in a few clusters, each of which is fairly homogeneous in its attitudes and actions.

3. *The process of structural economic change is continuous, and its present and proper direction is toward the integrated community in which government plays an increasingly active role in behalf of the public interest.*

Any reasonably literate student of history must subscribe to the notion that, in the real world, patterns of social structure always are shifting and that the intelligent objectives of reform, at any moment, are not so much to arrest social change or to reverse its direction as they are to modify its character and speed it up or slow it down. Some middle-of-the-roaders, however, deny that the prevailing trend continues to be from "right" to "left." Or at least they deny that their own structural objectives lean in that direction. Their disavowal, however, is more a disguise than a defensible position; it is an attempt to conceal from themselves what appear to be the unsavory implications of their posture. If they accept the fact of social change and if they explain, as they always do, the shifts of the last century as responses to deep-rooted technological developments still in progress, then it is a little hard to see how the present can be interpreted as the moment of reversal.

The reluctance of moderate-liberals to accept the present proposition does not stem from any nostalgic preference for the dog-eat-dog aspects of the classical liberal model. Rather, it is the product of a popular persuasion that the farther real world situations are removed from "laissez-faire," the less they can partake of certain political values which Americans rank very high. That this persuasion is thoroughly erroneous is the central hypothesis of the present argument. To understand how the political and the economic objectives of the mixed economy outlook can be reconciled with each other, it is essential to see that the amounts of freedom and of government-by-the-people in a system at any given moment are *not* functions of the structural pattern at the moment. They are functions of the rate at which social change is going on. This is amplified in Proposition 5 below.

4. *It is supremely important that our politico-economic system be modified by a peaceful process; social change should not entail violence.*

This is the unconditional imperative among the postulates which define the mixed economy outlook. It is here that the middle-of-the-roader stands out most starkly as a different kind of animal from either brand of extremist. Of all bad things, he finds civil strife most abhorrent. He is unwilling to see the disintegration of a system in which side-arms, tommy-guns, and concentration camps are not the accepted instruments of persuasion. Convinced, as he is, that social renovations will continue as long as he or his most distant progeny survive, he is mainly concerned that the changing structure remain as livable as possible while alterations are going on.

5. *Since the amount of governmental coercion in a social system is a function of its rate of structural change, a slow rate is essential for the protection of American political values.*

This is the most abstruse proposition in the mixed economy's conceptual framework and the most difficult one to sell. Extremists on the right who insist upon identifying democracy with an atomistic economic order charge the middle-of-the-roader with double talk. And critics on the left, who bow to no one in their public adoration of the political virtues, nevertheless call him a namby-pamby when he persists in the present view.

The view, however, is firmly grounded. American political values break down roughly into two broad persuasions: (1) government is good to the degree that it is directed by the decisions of the rank-and-file members of the community and is responsible to them; (2) the more freedom a political system provides for these rank-and-file members, the better it is. Mixed-economy-ites share these persuasions, but they see, either explicitly or intuitively, that the extent to which we can make high scores in either of these dimensions of democracy depends on the rate at which the scope of governmental activity changes.

On the positive, popular sovereignty, side, there is no absolute limit to the size and complexity of the problems over which the rank-and-file American citizen can, via the groups in which he works and votes, exercise intelligent direction. But he must have time to grow with the job. There is every reason to believe that he is better equipped to cope with, and plays a more active part in solving, the problems of the national government now than he did in 1790. But it is equally evident, if we are to trust those indexes which are available, that he is a good deal less literate and thoughtful about public affairs than, say, his contemporary in Britain. If reformers do not want to leave him by the wayside, they must make haste slowly.

The relationship between freedom and the rate of social change is a double one. First, there is the obvious point: The more time the public has to understand and digest the reasons for new kinds of government participation in economic affairs, the more willingly it accepts them without compulsion. The second point, which the sociologists have been making for some time, is more subtle and may seem even cynical to some. But it is hard to refute. It is that freedom is a relative thing anyway. If you suddenly could transport the nineteenth century "mountain man" of Guthrie's *The Big Sky* to the free society of mid-twentieth century metropolitan New York, he would feel most horribly penned up. If you could convey a contemporary New Yorker in the same direction over the same time-space route, he would experience an equal sense of release from the most devastating and primitive restraints.

To say that freedom is relative—to realize, for example, that enforcement of labor's right to bargain collectively in 1950 does not rob employers of as much freedom as it did in 1935—is in no sense to debunk it. Most middle-of-the-roaders place a very high intrinsic value on this feeling of non-penned-up-ness. For that reason, they have no use for structural adjustment so rapid that it produces a claustrophobic community.

6. *As government guides and participates in the structural change of the mixed economy, it must operate essentially as an agent of suasion and advice, not of force.*

This follows from the fact that we live in a group economy, in the sense noted above, and from the demand that reform be achieved by peaceful methods. The differences between the political composition of the present system and that of either polar model go pretty deep. They can be stated either in terms of the power of government or of the relationship between public and private interests.

In all three cases the government, legally, is the highest authority on the scene. But its practical, political power varies. In pure communalism, being coextensive with the community, it is the only power in the system, and, while the government of the classical liberal model may seem puny by our standards, because of the extreme dispersion of private organization, it is the biggest single power-concentration present. In the mixed economy, where large producer organizations constitute the real reservoirs of politico-economic strength, government is in its weakest position. It is the political subordinate of the groups it is supposed to direct.

This would be less disquieting if, in the mixed economy, there were the same identity of private and public interests that is posited in each of the polar models. But such, most patently, is not the case. On the one hand, we are abandoning the myth that, in some sense or other, the algebraic sum of all the private interests in the community—even when they are those of group concentrations—is equivalent to the public interest. The foolishness of this bromide just has been freshly redemonstrated in the spectacle of the price-wage sweepstakes of an inflationary period. On the other hand, however, classical liberalism still packs enough ideological potency in the United States to justify and even encourage group leaders in unrestrained pursuit of private objectives.

The dilemma of government is obvious. Its continuing mission is to sell its political superiors programs they are loathe to buy. As a partisan of dispersed power, the mixed economy advocate would not want the situation otherwise. But he does see that the system depends upon a delicate balance of private and public efforts to remain viable. The producer group leaders must show an increasing concern for the general welfare in their decision-making. And government must not only identify and announce those directions in which the public's interest lies; it must use a most effective tactics of persuasion in securing farm, business, and labor compliance; and it must not overreach its hand. A national administration with good ideas that goes around brandishing a papier maché club, thereby getting itself tossed out of office and discrediting reform in general, is of no more service to the mixed economy than one which is thoroughly reactionary.

7. *In guiding the structural change of the economy, it is very important that government husband its own resources carefully; in particular, it must make optimum use of unregulated or semi-regulated markets as regulatory devices.*

To the mixed economy advocate there is nothing sacrosanct about the free market. To the extent that it can be made to function tolerably well, however, he esteems it as an enormously useful labor-saving device. He recognizes that government reformers operate perennially and unavoidably on thin ice. Their political elbow-room, their financial resources, the supply of competent personnel upon which they can draw, and their store of workable techniques for economic problem-solving all are sorely limited. There is a staggering welter of detailed day-to-day decisions which must be made to keep an economy going—such determinations as the prices to be charged and the qualities and quantities of outputs to be produced by particular plants. If American government is to do a decent job of economic supervision in the near future, it is unlikely that, in peacetime, it can afford to expand its direct responsibilities for this kind of decision-making appreciably. It badly needs the assistance of markets which do a respectable job of disciplining themselves.

The mixed economy proponent, consequently, is deeply interested in developing whatever forms of "workable competition" can be devised in a group economy. He would commit government to furthering this end—whether by reinforcement of its anti-monopoly program, sponsoring of new forms of intergroup bargaining, or the development of improved techniques for delivering more pertinent and specific intelligence and advice to private decision-makers than it now supplies.

IV

Such are the essentials of the mixed economy position as I see them. This, of course, is a skeletal statement. It leaves much room for debate of its implications and degrees of meaning. It would be callow egoism, moreover, to pretend that all who claim the middle-of-the-road label should come flocking to this particular seven-postulate description of the mixed economy model. I am convinced, however, that this *kind* of definition is on the right track. For a summary of the mixed economy outlook to be intellectually rigorous without losing breadth of appeal, it must confine itself to the process of social change and avoid static structural models. Or, to put it in the language of public law, *"the mixed economy" is much more a procedural than a substantive concept.*

Examined in this light, the weaknesses of the concept stand out pretty starkly. It relies upon the potential reasonableness of every-day people and upon the educability of group leaders. It assumes the development of a citizenry and group constituency able to make discriminating comparisons between the value and cost of public services. It requires that government be positioned to attract and hold personnel not only technically proficient but adept in human relations. It demands a certain sense of balance and flexibility of mind all along the line. It is a scheme for bringing out the best in people. Most certainly, it is a doctrine of optimism. But it also is the most civilized ideology currently available.

Rondeau

By ISABEL WILLIAMS

As planets whir, the fog-bound know
their steps will circle left and so
whatever tautline they observe
return to where the initial swerve
began to bend and then to grow.

From shuffling rain to spectral snow
the seasons pace and pause and go
and lightning throbs, a golden nerve,
as planets whir.

The mountains drop to sea and flow
out of the sea in undulant row
and minutes told like atoms serve
to tick off space, a countless curve
revolving its eternal O
as planets whir.

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A STORY

Counter to Progress

By ARTHUR MYERS

IT ISN'T VERY OFTEN nowadays you hear of a thief holding up a saloon and making his escape on horseback. It happened, though, a few months ago out in our little town in Ohio.

George Lockwood did it, which made it a bit less surprising to the town, but still a feat recognized as rather off the beaten path.

George was not quite like other people, but whether it was he or the rest of the town which had got hold of the wrong roadmap was considered a debatable matter.

For one thing, George didn't believe in work, and as far as anyone knew, had never done any. This, while out of the ordinary, did not put his intelligence in question. But George had a peculiar phobia. Although just out of his 'teens, this child of a rocketing, squirrel-cage era was fanatic in his refusal to have anything to do with a machine, or, if possible, anything remotely resembling one.

He was regarded by many as an amiable half-wit, who, nevertheless, might possibly have a good idea. Others considered him simply a man born too late.

His intelligence, though oddly directed, was not slow. An orphan, he had managed to avoid school from the age of twelve, no mean feat in these days of regimentation. He had done two years in reform school, but that wasn't his idea.

Even in the stifling atmosphere of that institution he had risen above the crowd. He precipitated a crisis that reverberated in the press throughout the country—by refusing to peel potatoes with a mechanical peeler. He had held out for the hand method and when forced, had demonstrated his ability for occasional effective action by writing Mrs. Roosevelt. When the furor died down, George was peeling spuds with a kitchen knife.

Although George's crochet was always a matter of interest in our

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town, it didn't get wider attention again until he rode off on that plow horse with ninety dollars belonging to Jim Buchanan, owner of the Dew Drop In Grill.

It was a warm summer evening when George rode up to the Dew Drop In on the nag. I was standing in front of the place with Jim Stuhlmiller, a young cop. It was such a quiet night you could hear the glasses clinking inside the tavern and, in the background, the clang of machinery from the steam shovel factory down the street.

George climbed down from the old animal, tied it to a lamp post and strolled over to us. The horse had no saddle and its backbone strained at the hide, making a ridge like a blunt saw. It didn't look like a comfortable ride.

"Where did you get the horse?" asked Jim, and he wasn't just making conversation.

"A farmer out my way lets me ride him nights," George replied. "He'd be all right, but the cars scare him and he keeps galloping off into the fields."

George leaned against the gaudy imitation stone front of the grill, chewing a piece of straw. He was a short, slight youth, with a mop of yellow hair that looked like a haystack after a high wind. He wore a pair of faded blue overall trousers and a red Mickey Mouse sweatshirt.

Jim pulled the usual kidding line on him.

"Want to go for a ride on my motorcycle, George?"

George smiled at him shyly. He said: "Say, do you know there's a fight going on down at Water and Main. That on your beat?"

Jim dropped his nightstick; he was an ambitious young cop. "Is it on my beat! The whole town's my beat! Who was fighting?"

"I just rode by, but it looked like a couple of those tramps from the railroad yard. They had knives."

Jim didn't hear the last part. He had clumped over to his motorcycle, climbed on and was off in a bluish cloud of burned gasoline.

George wrinkled his nose as he watched the machine gather speed, bounce down the pock-marked street, and finally turn off onto a tree-shaded side street. Then he said, "Guess I'll go in and have a beer."

I stayed outside, sniffing the warm, lilac-scented Ohio air, slightly tinged with carbon monoxide. Suddenly, I became aware that the night was unusually quiet, even for Ohio. Something was missing. Then I realized it was the familiar barroom gabble and clink of glasses from the Dew Drop In. I hurried to investigate.

As I entered the place I was struck by the intentness with which the people at the tables were staring at the bar. The thought flashed through my mind that Jim Buchanan had bought a television set. Then I turned and saw something that beat anything television has put out yet.

It was George. He was holding a revolver big enough to be classed as a field piece and old enough to have been in the Battle of Gettysburg. Fat Jim Buchanan was standing behind the bar and in front of the gun, with his hands thrust up and his eyes popping.

"Please put your hands down, Jim," George was pleading. "Just give me the money in the till." He turned to an open-mouthed, middle-aged woman sitting at the bar. "Good evening, Mrs. Cortelyou," he said, nodding politely.

Buchanan reluctantly took his hands down and went to the cash register. He turned pleadingly and George smiled. "All I want is your money, Jim," and it seemed like the most reasonable request in the world, the way he said it. I wondered crazily if maybe we were wrong at that, and George was the prophet of a new, more sensible way of life.

With a noise between a gasp and a sigh, Buchanan scooped out the bills and laid them on the bar. George picked them up, stuffed them into his pocket, turned toward the room and said amiably, "Now give me a little start, won't you?"

Even if he hadn't had the gun, I would have felt like a cad if I had done anything else. We sat there silently, listening to the clomp, clomp, clomp as George rode away.

When word got around town—it took a few minutes—I was surprised to find that Jim Stuhlmiller wasn't the object of the community's righteous wrath. The town seemed to mark him down as another victim of our other-worldly George, like the superintendent of the reformatory. "There, but for the grace of George, goes I," was the general reaction.

George had disappeared completely by the time the police got out with their patrol cars and motorcycles. The next day, the state highway patrol, with its helicopter, found the horse wandering in a field a few miles west of town. But no George.

"He'll be a hard man to find," Chief McClellan said. "Never works, so you can't get him on his social security number. Never had his picture taken because he's allergic to cameras. He's probably living in a cave somewhere, and that ninety bucks will last him the rest of his life. He's got it made."

That seemed to be about it. Weeks, then months went by, but without a trace of George. Progress, momentarily challenged, again ran rampant. Our town was mentioned in an amusement trade journal as having the most juke boxes per capita in Ohio, and the local newspaper ran a perfume ad that smelled. Bulldozers knocked down forty-eight trees to widen State street.

Nobody said it out loud, but I think a lot of people missed George. With him gone, there was nothing to counterbalance the relentless drive of normalcy.

That's why it was such a shock when he was caught—the way he was caught.

The only explanation for it was that the ninety dollars confused him. At any rate, he shed his old pattern of life, jumped onto the merry-go-round of the atomic age and tried to grab a brass ring.

They caught him over in Indiana. We didn't believe it at first, but when they brought him back to town he sadly admitted it.

He had bought a Model T Ford. His first night out they picked him up for defective lights.

Autobiography of an Economic Man

By WILLIAM D. GRAMPP

"RATIONAL ECONOMIC CONDUCT . . ." the businessman said, picking up the professor's words and repeating them in a manner which was both respectful and doubting. "Well, I've never *really* studied economic theory but—"

"But you wonder what would become of the world if people took it seriously," the professor broke in, completing the thought in the customary way. "As a man of the world, you *know*—" But here the businessman interrupted.

"As a matter of fact, I wasn't going to say that at all," he remarked slowly. "I do know something about economic theory in practice, because I tried to apply it."

The conversation was taking an odd turn, and the professor became more interested. "And what happened?" he asked.

"Ah, that's the point," the businessman said. "My question is . . . but let me tell you first what happened when I tried to act sensibly."

* * *

I came [he began] to the study of economics for reasons which I suppose are very ordinary. But the results have been anything but that. My efforts to compare the costs and returns of rational economic conduct came to involve everyone around me; and from the attitude of the others you would have thought I was some kind of monster who meant to disturb their peace of mind, make them feel stupid, and destroy their happiness. Before I had gotten very far along in practical economics, my associates at work became involved, so did my family and friends, the competitors in our business, the men at the club—in fact, at one time it looked as though everyone was trying to get into the act, and to get me

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out of it. It proves, I suppose, that you never can know what will happen when you take an idea seriously.

At any rate, it started when my boy came home from college in a funk about his grades. I wangled it out of him that his course in economics was causing most of the trouble. This left me nonplussed. If he had washed out of chemistry or literature, I could have understood it. But failing in economics seemed like an unnatural act for the son of a businessman. It appeared to me that the principles of economics were one thing my boy should be able to master, and without any difficulty. I tried to tell him this, but he just threw up his hands and said economics had nothing to do with business.

"It's theoretical," he kept saying. "It's theoretical." I took this to mean that I couldn't help him.

Now I am not one of those people who look down their noses on anything to do with theory and who think professors are impractical people who couldn't hold a job in industry. Even if I had felt that way, I would not have told the boy so because it would not have helped him in his job, which was to get through college. I asked to see his books and problems. Well, they were a revelation. I, with twenty years in business behind me, some of it spent in managing a plant, was stumped by most of the things he showed me. As I turned through the books I got more and more angry—and felt more and more helpless. When the boy went back to school, I increased his allowance and told him to get a tutor to help pull him through.

As for myself, I went on reading about economics. The whole business had stirred up my interest and my ego, and for want of something better to do in the evenings I stuck with it. I tried different books, magazines, and some encyclopedia articles, and finally got the thing shaken down so that I could go ahead with some system in my reading. All of this naturally took time, because at my age you don't grasp things as quickly as a younger man does. I once thought of enrolling in an evening course, but shied away when I realized I would be out of my element around the young men who I understand are in such courses. It struck me that going to school at my age would make people regard me as a queer duck. After all, I had my family to think of, so I stayed with the books. Then, too, the boys at the office were making occasional remarks because once in a while at lunch I would forget myself and use a word or two of economic lingo. They were pretty fast at picking it up, and they would have been calling me "professor" if I hadn't pulled a long face right away in order to stop it.

But it was impossible to suppress the more serious side of my feelings on economics. "Serious," I say, because I did become earnest about certain matters, and yet there was also a humorous side to the business. When big things came up at the firm the executives got together to chew them over and decide on a policy. In the past I always thought the chief had a good deal of sense, and my opinion usually sided with his. But lately I had begun to see things differently and couldn't always give him my support. There was the matter of a fair price law which was up before the legislature, and it would have given us the power to fix the retail price of our product. Most of the men thought pretty well of it, because it would have given us a wider distribution. We could have fixed the price high enough to make it worth while for a small outlet to handle our product. Still, I wasn't sure about it. As I thought it over, it seemed to me that we were giving the small fellows, with their high selling costs, a ride at the expense of the bigger, more efficient retailers. I told the men so, and we went back and forth a while until I said the law ran against an economic principle. At that, you could have heard a pin drop. Finally, the chief spoke up.

"Which economic principle, Harry?"

"The idea that resources should be allocated efficiently."

The others looked about under raised eyebrows, and the comptroller said, "Would you put that into plain English, Professor?" I explained that it meant getting things produced and sold at the lowest cost, that competition forced us and our sellers to cut costs to the bone, and that this law interfered with competition. That set off a lot of talk about what competition meant, until the chief put an end to it.

"All very interesting, but this isn't a class in economics. I think we had better go along with the rest of the industry and give the law a try." That was the end of that, but not of my study of applied economics.

The men on the bench are organized, and I get along well with them. I was a working stiff myself once, and they know it. When they are having trouble with our labor relations man, who talks about "the science of personnel," the problem is tossed into my lap, and usually we can straighten it out with a minimum of hard feelings. However, I now began to look on wages differently. I told the shop stewards that their international union was pushing our costs so high that our sales were beginning to suffer and if it continued some of the men would be laid off. Since there was a seniority clause in the contract, the older men would stay. Their output naturally being less, our costs would go up still higher. This held the stewards back for a while but eventually got them in Dutch with their international officers. The problem had to be passed on to the policy committee which gave in to avoid a strike.

Then there was the incident about our advertising outlay. The policy committee wanted to put on a vigorous campaign, and the ad boys were climbing all over them with fancy plans. I was against it because our product was a standardized one and because I believed the best way to increase sales was by a price cut. I went on to say that advertising would only increase our costs and start counter-campaigns by our competitors, so that in the end everyone would be worse off—except the ad boys. By this time, the committee had come to expect some kind of maverick idea from me. But they heard me out, admitted there might be something to what I said, and then decided to advertise, "as an experiment." The firm did, and discovered that our competitors started to advertise too, and then we were all over a barrel, with our costs higher and sales about the same. Each one would have liked to stop but was afraid the others would not.

Away from work, my economics got me into some queer situations. I had never paid much attention to the expenses of keeping up the house until I came across a book on consumer economics. I realized then that we were wasting money, but what really got under my skin were the foolish things we did out of pure ignorance. I told my wife a little about this, about grade labeling, the higher price of well-advertised products, and about buying in quantity. Without her knowing it, I subscribed to a consumer magazine and saw that she read it. But when I looked at the housekeeping account, I found the expenses were as high as ever.

One day I offered to do the shopping, taking her and the cook with me to show them what I meant by careful buying. We pushed the cart up and down the aisles of a supermarket, stopping at each section to compare prices and quality. It took quite a while because I had not been in a grocery for years, but we came out with a week's supply of food at substantially less than it usually cost. The difficulty arose at home.

When the food was put on the table, no one seemed to take any interest in it. The cook said she wasn't used to such brands and couldn't handle them. The others said they didn't like the taste and appearance. Now I am a patient man—having been made that way by business—but this seemed a lot of nonsense to me. I told them their tastes were a matter of habit. They were so accustomed to certain dishes made in a particular way that they just *thought* they couldn't eat anything else, that their habits were built up by expensive advertising which the public had to pay for. I worked away on this track until I thought some progress was being made. But another look at the household balance told me that if anything was being saved in one direction it was being frittered away in another, especially by eating out more often than usual.

When the family became interested in a television set, I thumbed through the consumer manual for a recommendation. When I told the others of my choice, they turned up their noses. "Never heard of the make," they said. I showed them some pictures. "But look at that awful cabinet. What we want is Swedish modern in blond mahogany, with a sixteen-inch tube and a magnifier." It sounded as though they were going to turn the house into a cocktail lounge, or else invite the neighborhood over every night, with a tube that size. When I said no, the answer was: "But the Pringles around the corner have a sixteen-inch tube, and we're as good as they are." I am usually willing to see things through to the end, if it is humanly possible; but with all of my other work I didn't have the stomach for it this time and I gave in.

What goes on in one man's family doesn't stay there for very long, as any husband knows. The children talk to each other, and the cats that don't get out of the bag then are set free when the wives meet. After a while, word of my economics got around the neighborhood, just as it had been noised around the office. The neighbors couldn't get the point, and they confused my interest in economics with my wanting to economize. Economizing was not the point at all, of course, and I explained to one or two of the men that a little comparison among products would make the family's dollars go farther. "There is no substitute for quality," they would reply. "It's cheaper in the end." When you run against a stone wall, the wisest thing to do is turn back, which is what I did, meaning that I let the matter drop. When I bought a new car, it was a six instead of the usual eight. This caused a pretty how-de-do. The neighbors were certain I was either slipping at the firm and having to retrench or that I had turned into a crusty old miser. The family was up in arms, and no amount of patient setting forth of the facts about cost of operation would change their minds. Finally, I had to buy a *second* car (an eight of course) in order to keep up their self-respect. I know they lived on pins and needles for a while, thinking I was going to propose moving into a rented house and rent our own home; that certainly would have been more reasonable, since renting is undoubtedly cheaper than owning. I considered the matter for a while, but in view of the scarcity of rental property I didn't follow it up.

Meanwhile on the job, I got to be known as the economizing economist, because of my looking around for ways to cut costs. At each policy meeting the boys expected something of the sort from me, which, after a time, annoyed me. I decided to let things ride until I had a plan which was fool-proof. My chance came, and I laid it out cold to them. The idea was to open a new market for our goods in the West, an idea which everyone had toyed with for a long time but hadn't known how to handle. I proposed we adopt a brand name for that territory, cut out the frills of packaging and advertising, and capture the market on a price basis alone. The accountants were put to work analyzing my scheme and came up with figures that dazzled the rest of the committee. The others backed and filled, but had to admit the plan sounded like the real thing. Finally, approval was given for a limited trial in one state, on the understanding that the selling procedure was to be so entirely different from our customary practice that we couldn't be discovered engaging in price discrimination.

The outcome of this affair set me on my heels, and if I had not been with the firm for so many years it might have cost me my job. The trouble was not that we lost money. It was that we made too much, and the rest of the industry got wise. At first there were sociable calls on the chief by our competitors. He called me in on one of these conversations. R., one of the big producers in the industry, was very friendly and seemed to be passing the time of day but all the while was working the conversation around to our new market.

"Interesting experiment you're conducting out West," R. said. The chief gave me the wink to let me know the secret was everyone's business by now. "But where is it going to end?" R. went on.

"This business is big enough for everyone," the chief said.

"And it's a good business, too. Nice and clean—up to now," R. said.

"A little healthy competition never hurt anyone."

"That depends. If this kind of price cutting caught on, you and I wouldn't like it. . . . I hope you'll think it over."

This was one of many similar episodes. When we didn't call off the campaign but extended it to a neighboring state, the competitors were up in arms. The trade association secretary paid a call on the chief, gave him some hugger-mugger about cut-throat tactics, about the good name of our firm, about reprisals from others. The pressure got so stiff that the company called off the whole affair.

"Had to, Harry," the chief explained. "We have to live with the rest of these people in the industry." This required recasting our whole program of production and sales, giving up a low price market which was knocking at our door, antagonizing distributors, and demoralizing the sales force. It was expensive and painful. After that I pulled in my horns and adopted a watch-and-wait attitude.

What confirmed me in this attitude was an incident at the club. I have belonged to the Union Club for years and have many friends among the members. They are a solid bunch of fellows, with no foolishness about them. But they are great ones for a practical joke, and sometimes they don't know where to stop. Each year we put on a gridiron, and the nobs along with everyone else come in for a roasting. At the last one I attended, I expected some wisecracks in the usual vein—about my golf or the way I handle a committee meeting or my always losing in football pools. In fact, I had come to look for them as a form of compliment, in the way of recognizing me as a person and not just another name on the roster. But this one cut pretty deeply.

After the roast beef dinner, we settled back to enjoy our cigars and the fun. The first skit was about the club president who was made out to be running for Congress on the Communist ticket against his valet who as a Republican defeats him; but it falls out that the ballot box has been stuffed in favor of the valet by the president's secretary in order to preserve the family name. And so it went, in good, clean fun until the curtain went up on a scene at the pearly gates with St. Peter standing watch. Who should be approaching on the marble stairs but me! I give my name, and St. Peter sighs, saying he had hoped I would come up when his assistant was on duty. It seems that I am a special case which he would like to dodge. There is some running back and forth in the direction of the seat of the Almighty, who sends back word that I cannot be admitted. "Heaven," the messenger says, "is run as a perfect monopoly and has no place for economists." In the next scene, I am set to work by the Devil who puts me in charge of the organization of Hell in the interest of efficiency. He slaps me on the back and says, "Why with a man like you, Harry, we will be able to take them on up there on even terms at last. There's nothing better than free enterprise and healthy competition for the soul."

It didn't seem very funny to me, pretty feeble in fact, but it brought down the house. The audience roared and applauded. The actors took several curtain calls, and at last the fellow made up as the Devil came down and shook hands with me. Everyone thought that was rich. I recognized him as R., our main competitor.

After that I said less and less about economics. The boys at the office needled me a little about my silence but soon forgot the matter. The family gradually showed its relief and the next Christmas bought me an extravagantly expensive set of matched golf clubs; and in the spring they urged me to play more frequently. The chief, who never mentions the past, told me to take things a little easy and to let Dan, my first assistant, look after the plant now and then. I have been away from the office more than usual these past six months. But my free time hasn't been spent on the links. I have been digging among the economics books in the library, and I've spent a lot of time just thinking things over, trying to understand what my experience means. . . .

At this point, Harry paused for a long while.

"Well, that is my question," he said at last, and looked searchingly at the professor.

But the professor did not return his look. "If you will excuse me," he said, "I must be off to class. I have something quite complicated to explain today."

A STORY

I'll Be Back Soon

By RUTH STERLING

ON AND ON FOREVER, it seemed, rolling westward across the vast country, its emptiness heightened by glimpses of skeletal trees laced against an eternal stretch of sky, by the sameness of desolate houses scattered over the browning earth. Wearily, the girl lifted the matted lock of pale hair that persisted in falling over her forehead. Her cheek felt bruised where it had lain against Tom's sleeve. With her hands still folded over her swollen stomach, she eased her body into a different position to lessen the cramp inflicted by the narrow bus seat. At the movement, a familiar pain pierced the small of her back. She waited, tense, until it passed, then asked, "How much longer, Tom?"

He groaned softly as he shifted in his seat and reached in his back pocket for the time table, now limp and ragged at the folds. Then he looked at his watch. "We got about fourteen hours to Chicago and I figure two more from there to the farm." He still refused to say "home."

Her head dropped back on the plush upholstery; it seemed as if a weighted helmet had been clamped over her brain. "We got to stop, Tom. I can't take it anymore." They had been riding over twenty-four hours already since leaving Massachusetts.

Tom's voice was low, desperate, as his glance wavered over her bulk. "Hold on, Eileen. Let's don't take chances."

"But all this shaking and joggling might bring the baby sooner," she pleaded.

"The doctor said a week, honey."

"What if he's wrong?" She gripped his hand. "Tom, I'm scared."

Her fear readily flowed into him and burst into tiny globules of sweat above his lips. He studied the time table again, his finger nervously running down a column. "There's a stop in about an hour. We'll stay overnight and take the 6:30 morning bus from there."

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She nodded and closed her eyes. Although it was early winter, the air in the bus was choking her with its tepid odor of bodies, tobacco and food and she had difficulty controlling a surge of nausea. The passing hour was almost intolerable.

Then finally, the good, welcome sight of the chain drugstore, the station. They did not have much with them: two small, worn suitcases, the bulging duffel bag, all of which he easily carried, while she held her large purse stuffed with her handkerchiefs and stockings.

For a moment they stood fixed on the sidewalk, breathing deeply of the clear, sweet air. Then they entered the drugstore. The coffee tasted good and they swallowed slowly as the liquid warmed and refreshed them. Tom put down his cup and asked the counterman for the nearest hotel.

It looked all right and not expensive. The old man behind the desk closed the registration book, removed his steel-framed glasses, picked up a large ring of keys and took them up to a room. The retreating sun filtered through the lace curtains, exposing motes of dust suspended actively mid-air. But the bed looked neat and roomy. When the old man left, Eileen took off her shoes, careful of the white coverlet.

"Ah, how wonderful it feels to stretch out. Come here, Tom. Lie next to me." She smiled at him invitingly, her young face younger by contrast with the womanly heaviness of her torso, yet again, her legs suited her face, slender and delicate.

Tom loosened his tie and leaned across the bed, tweaking her nose. "Alone at last," he said in a mock profundo. Carefully, he dropped beside her with a satisfied grunt. "Honey, you're right. Thought my legs would never straighten again." He yawned loudly. "Those bus rides are sure killing. We should have taken the train."

They were both silent, thinking of the fifteen dollars salvaged between them, of the careful figuring that had gone into keeping the amount aside for the trip. For any emergency.

Slowly he rubbed his cheek against hers. "I'm dog tired."

"Rest now. Close your eyes."

In an instant he was asleep, facing her, and she drew the coverlet higher about him. Even in sleep his brows pulled together as if he were battling some dream-found enemy. Ever so lightly, she touched his face, tracing its outline with her finger. If it's a boy, she thought, I want him to have the same squared shoulders, and the thick brown hair, and that dear chin that looks like it had been squeezed together, making a dent in the middle. Then I'll have two the same.

She passed her hand over her body again, a gesture that had become almost instinctive since the doctor had informed her. Be a good dear, she whispered to the secret dark depths where he lay enclosed, don't rush now . . . wait . . . wait . . . it is almost over. She gazed at the ceiling as her mind, now sharp again, vividly recalled the events of the past year. First the textile mills get shut down. Then the savings are drawn, little by little, while the empty space in the heart is filled with fear and growing blocks of ice. Then the time comes when the heart is all ice, so it becomes easy to part with things you thought were yours: the car, the refrigerator, and then, the little house. And it is finished.

Tom's parents were dead, so they turned to hers. "We haven't much ourselves," Eileen's mother had written, "and dad isn't as well these days as he used to be. But maybe with Tom around the farm can prosper again."

Tom had been bitter. He said it was like begging, taking the pickings they were offering him. "Besides," he had cried angrily, "what do I know about farming? I can't tell a hoe from a pitchfork. I'll be like a fish out of water." His roughened hands had touched many things: coal, rope on the docks, a rifle, the loom. Not earth; Tom was no farmer. He could learn, she had soothed, there would be work for him. He was strong, industrious. He could make his own world and everything in it. As he listened, she saw his eyes brighten and shift as he considered the possibilities, and she felt she had finally stirred him with the strength of her own convictions. And the baby, she added, think of the baby. So it was settled. Yet Tom hung back, idling his time away with the other men in the union hall, talking quietly of the vague rumors that the mills might reopen. Until it was too dangerous to wait any longer. Then came the last, frantic rush of activity as they packed and sent off their belongings to Wisconsin and severed all connecting details with the town which now remained stilled and half deserted.

In those last months Tom had changed. He had never been a regular drinker before. Alcohol made him peppery and nasty and he would come home stumbling through the dark, fling open the door and stand there glaring at her as if he were waiting, just waiting for her to start in on him. But she drew him in without a word, bathed his face with cold towels and stroked his hair until he broke into tears and he was kissing her, sorry for himself, sorry for her.

It would end, she consoled herself, when they were settled again. She knew his pride. Working on the farm, he would be a full man again, busy and important.

Tom stirred and woke. His chest rose as he stretched himself taut. "Boy, did I snooze." He yawned off the last fragments of sleep. "I'm hungry now."

"Me too," she answered.

He sprang to his feet. "Let's wash up and have a big, big dinner."

Ponderously, she followed him up. "Steak and french fries?"

"Yup. And salad and pie and coffee. Lots of coffee."

She sighed. "Sounds wonderful. Too wonderful. Can we afford it, Tom?"

"Why not? We haven't had a decent meal since we left home. The rent is three dollars, the bus tickets are paid for. So we'll have enough till we get there."

"All right, let's." So as not to appear too greedy, she said apologetically, "After all I *am* eating for two."

"And I need my strength . . ."

"For the farm work," she finished.

She put on her lipstick and Tom yodeled softly as he slicked down his hair. Then they turned and examined each other.

Tom bent slightly from the waist and extended an elbow. "May I date you tonight, lady?"

Delicately, with dancer steps, she came toward him. "Why it would be a pleasure, sir."

"Then take my arm, miss . . . I mean missus," with a significant glance at her body.

They laughed in the dark hallway waiting for the elevator and even when it clanked shut, with the old man turning the handle, they burst into laughter which she tried to suppress with her hand over her mouth.

For a moment they stood hesitantly in front of the hotel, but feeling the old man's eyes upon them, moved away from the entrance. They walked in the direction of the main thoroughfare, where the bus station was. When they turned the corner, the immediate blaze of lights coming from the two movie houses and the little string of stores cheered them. They wandered about the town, choosy of their place, finally deciding on one that looked clean and homelike with little chintz-covered chairs and an artificial rose on each green table. After dinner Tom lighted a cigarette and leisurely blew uncurling tendrils of smoke at the ceiling. "That was all right."

"I'm stuffed."

"How do you feel? How's about a movie?"

"Swell."

He liked Betty Grable and she liked Cary Grant and because in the golden night her face looked so glad and young he decided on Cary Grant. As they sat watching the film, her hand suddenly slipped from his hold and she slumped down in her seat. "I feel dizzy." The gaiety was gone from her face and in the faint glow from the screen her eyes were strained and glittering.

"Come. I better take you back."

She leaned on his arm heavily as they rose and went back to the hotel. He helped her undress, found her mother hubbard flannel gown in the suitcase and put it over her upstretched arms. She drew the coverlet up to her throat, closed her eyes, opened them, and sighed. "It's just that I'm tired, I guess." She reached for his hand, fingering it weakly. "I don't want to spoil your evening, Tom. You can go back to the movie if you want."

"Naw, I'll stay here with you."

She nodded and closed her eyes again.

"Poor kid." He touched her wet forehead. "This is tough for you."

"Oh stop pitying me. Women were made for this."

He looked down at her, lying there like a queen, with a secret little smile shutting him out and it gave him a sudden, lonely, wild desire to get out among people. He took out a cigarette and the lighting of the match grated against the quiet of her soft breathing. Other doors opened and closed; there was the sound of feet leaving the hotel.

"Maybe," he said a bit hesitantly, "I'll go for a walk."

"Sure, Tommy. Bring me back a magazine."

He went to the door and darkened the room. "I'll be back soon." And closed the door behind him.

The bed was soft and yielding and as sleep gently clouded her senses there floated across her mind one misty shimmer of green scanning hills and Tom tall against the sky, growing larger, wider, with a spread and a dimming of the entire vision. Languidly she stirred and turned on her side.

She woke with a start at the sound of footsteps creaking past, but they faded into some distant shadowy region of the corridor. Where was Tom? What time was it? She picked up the telephone on the nightstand. It was eleven-twenty. Tom must have gone to the movies after all. Nothing to worry about. She got out of bed, washed her face, and for something to do, took out Tom's clothes and put them in the drawers. Then she picked up her knitting. There was a large chair near the window and she turned on the floor lamp next to it.

In many ways Tom was a child. He needed a lot of encouragement, needed to feel wanted. It made a big difference when you had a family to turn to. She was all Tom's family now, and even when she got mad at Tom she had to remind herself of that. Tom had told her once, only once, of how his parents and his sister and baby brother had died in the fire. Tom himself remained alive only because he had spent the night with his ailing grandfather. Many times she relived the horror in her mind, seeing the charred ruins and the flames crackling in the reddened night, and her heart chilled then warmed with tenderness for Tom.

Her eyes began to feel strained so she put the knitting away and went back to the bed. Tom had better come back soon; they had a long way to go and he would need the sleep. As a foresight, she rang the desk and asked to be called at five-thirty in the morning.

Under the warmth of the blanket she drowsed off again.

But started at the sound of a click and knew it was her door. In the darkness she called "Tom?" There was no answer, no one else in the room. She lay awake, alert and fearful. Minutes, hours later, she heard a key turning in the door and someone stumble over a chair. She sat up, holding the blanket against her breast. "Tom, is that you?" Her hand searched the unfamiliar darkness for the bed lamp.

"Shh," Tom whispered.

She was about to ask, "Where were you?" but the sight of his face stopped her. His mouth hung slackly open, his face flushed and wobbling above her. He pulled off his tie and flung it across the room. Then deliberately, carefully, he unbuttoned his shirt, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. "Now you say a word and I'll bang you, so help me, I'll bang you."

She stared at him, magnetized by his menacing eyes. Finally he stood naked before her, thin and helplessly naked. She started out of bed. "Your pajamas are in that drawer," she pointed.

"Stay where you are. I'll get them." He made loud noises as drawer after drawer was tugged open then slammed back irregularily. "Brr—it's cold."

"Here, let me help you."

"Stay where you are, I said." He found the pajamas and worked them around his head and legs until they were in place on his body. He stood at the foot of the bed, his blood-shot eyes attempting to focus on her. "Well, say it . . . go on, say it, damn you."

"Come here, Tom," she said as gently as she could.

Tom moved not an inch.

"Tommy," softly, "come here."

Cautiously, his eyes never leaving her face, he moved over to her side of the bed and sank to his knees. From beneath her pillow she took out her clean, ironed handkerchief and motherlike, dabbed his forehead, his cheeks and the skin around his mouth.

Then with a loud sob he buried his head in the warm hollow between her throat and the pillow.

"Shh, Tommy, shh. . . ." She stroked the disordered hair as she, with a new kind of wariness, turned her head away so she should not take in the strong, alcoholic breath. "Don't cry, Tommy . . . don't cry. It's nothing serious. So you had a few drinks, so what?"

She felt his body convulsed by a shudder. He raised his head, looking at her with swollen and reddened eyes. The tears dribbled down his cheek and he wiped them away clumsily with the back of his wrist.

"It's gone, Eileen . . . all the money . . . it's gone. I spent it."

Quickly and roughly she estimated he should have had about five dollars left after the dinner and the movies. Yet she was undisturbed. "It's all right, Tom. We don't really need it."

He shook his head slowly, almost amused at her ignorance. "But you don't understand, I can't go with you tomorrow."

"What do you mean, Tom?" She pushed her heavy body up on the pillow.

He got up and paced the room while she stared after him. He avoided her eyes and took a deep breath. "I cashed in my part of the bus tickets. That's gone too."

For a second her mind refused to comprehend his words. "But Tom . . . then you must have had over ten dollars . . . you couldn't have spent all of it on drinks. . . ."

"I didn't."

"Well . . . how?" Her voice rose weakly.

He came over and took up her limp hand, carressing it. "Well . . . while I was standing there at the bar, alone . . . there were some guys in the back of the room, playing poker. So I moved over to watch, honest, honey, just to watch . . . it was sort of like being back in the army with the fellers sitting around the tent playing. Honey, you know I'm not a gambler . . . well, they asked me to join them in a few hands . . . just a *few* hands. . . . I figured there was no harm in that, and the ante was low enough. Then when I began losing . . . sure I know . . . I should of quit then." His lips tightened. "But I couldn't Eileen, I couldn't. . . ." He began to shout.

"Why not?" she asked curtly.

"I couldn't let them think I was a quitter. My God, Eileen, I can't let everything beat me down."

"Tom . . . oh, Tom," she moaned helplessly. He held her by the shoulders. "Don't. I can't stand it when you cry like that."

She was suddenly and completely flushed with anger and for that moment his face was not sad and beloved, but disgusting with drink, with fear. "You're a coward. You're running out on me."

"Don't say that," he yelled. "I ain't . . . I ain't a coward. I ain't a quitter. Listen, you gotta understand. Did you ever take a good look at your father? He looks so goddam righteous. He scares me stiff. What'll he think when you go crawling back to him? I'll tell you. That you got a husband who's good enough to get you knocked up but not good enough to support you."

"Tom!"

"That's the truth."

"Is that all the baby means to you?"

He shook his head. Softly he said, "No, no, you got me wrong. Oh Eileen, have a heart, don't look at me like that."

But really, she thought, it's the same Tom standing there, maybe somehow a little smaller, as if events had pushed him down . . . but it was still Tom. Thin and lonesome looking. In a perverse agony of tenderness she reached out for him and stroked his forehead with her lips. What shall I do? she thought in desperation. Then it came to her, a bright, saving thought.

"Tommy, we can buy you another ticket. I got five dollars in my purse. Remember? We purposely divided it in case something happened to either of us."

But he stiffened and kept his face buried. "It's gone too. I came back and took it when you was sleeping. You could of stopped me if you were awake, but you were sleeping."

Then she remembered. The click of the door, hours ago. She tried to keep her voice steady. "Haven't you anything left?" As if they were just discussing the day's finances.

He lumbered to the chair where he had tossed his trousers. He fumbled in his pockets. "Something here." He came back and dropped the money on the bed. Carefully they sorted it out. "Three dollars and fifty five, six, seven cents."

He looked at the money, eyes bleary, trying to remember. "Must of won some back before the game broke up. Still not enough. . . . I'm tired, Eileen."

"Yes, yes," she said absently. Tom staggered over to his side of the bed and fell asleep instantly. She gathered up the money and went to her pocketbook and dropped it in. Tom had fallen asleep over the blanket. She tried to pull the blanket out from under him, but he was too heavy, so she covered him with his coat.

With her own coat wrapped around her she sat in the chair near the window until the gray morning chill penetrated and numbed her. Sluggishly, she went back to bed, shivering under the blankets with Tom's loud snores rattling at her eardrums.

The telephone wakened her with a start. She got up and dressed. She shook Tom who was sleeping with his arm slung out over the bed, palm upturned as if pleading for mercy. "Tom . . . Tom . . . wake up."

His eyes flashed open, glazed, without recognition. Then he sprang out of bed to the bathroom. She could hear him splashing water over his face.

"You ready to go?"

"I'm packing now. Here, I'm putting all your things into this suitcase. I'm just taking one."

"I'll help you."

"Thanks." With no mention of the night before, they stepped aside politely for each other as they moved about, working in silence. If I break down now, she thought, I can't go through with it. "Ready?" She glanced around the room with her housewife's eyes.

"Yes, let's go."

At the door he stopped. "Wait a minute. I better leave my things here. I can't pay the rent."

He dropped his suitcase on the bed and after a moment turned to her. "Listen, Eileen. Last night the men told me about some plants around here that are taking on men. Maybe if we stayed . . . ?"

She thought it over then shook her head. "It's too late, Tom. I can't take the chance. I gotta think of the baby now. The baby comes first, Tom."

Fatigue was pulling her down, draining her feelings. There just wasn't enough of her left anymore for both Tom and the baby. Maybe he understood that because he nodded. "Yeah. It wouldn't be fair to the kid to be born in a lousy hotel room. Let's go."

The old man was at the desk and as he looked up the light flooded on his glasses like a coating of metallic steam. They could not see his eyes.

"My wife is checking out," Tom said, "but I'm staying on." The old man said nothing. "My things are in the room. We ran a little short. But my wife's got to get to her folks. You can see . . . she's in a family way." There was silence while the glinting moons of light turned on Eileen. She stiffened. The old man called a boy and sent him up to the room. They were all silent until the boy returned and spoke to the old man. "All right," he said, "she can go. That will be a dollar fifty."

Tom must have been prepared for this. Quickly he removed his watch. "It's an expensive watch. Will you hold it until I get some dough?"

The old man examined the watch carefully. Eileen closed her eyes as her head began to throb. "All right."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot," Tom said.

They went around the corner to the drugstore and ate breakfast. Now they had over two dollars left. Eileen handed the money to Tom. "I'll be eating at home tonight. You take it."

"No." Tom removed a dollar bill from her hand. "You'll need it. This'll be enough."

"But Tom. . . ."

"This'll be enough." He turned away.

They found a bench in the waiting room and sat for a while in silence. Then she asked, "Will I see you again, Tom?"

He turned on her in anger. "Sure. I'm coming after you even if I have to bum my way out. I ain't that much of a louse."

She put her hand on his arm. "I'm sorry."

He said bitterly, "Every man breaks some time along the line. I didn't break when the folks died. I didn't break in the war, even when some of the other guys went screaming off their nut. But it hadda hit me now . . . of all times and places, it hadda hit me now."

And of all times and places, she thought, this is where I hold myself together tight . . . don't cry, don't cry, don't breathe. Let it hurt. Be careful.

Finally she could speak again. "I can send you some money as soon as I get home tonight, Tom."

"No. I'm getting myself out of this mess." He went to the newsstand and bought her a bar of candy and a magazine. It came out of his dollar.

"Thanks, Tom." She accepted it, allowing him his last vestige of pride.

The bus came in and he helped her on and he stood with her until it was time to leave. He kissed her lightly, then firmly, and walked off the bus.

She watched him and he got smaller as the bus rolled away, and then he was cut off from sight by an abrupt swing to another street.

With a sudden rising horror it came to her that she didn't even know the name of the town she was leaving, and with quick, gasping breaths, she got up from her seat to ask the driver.

The Problem of a Mass Society

By ARNOLD M. ROSE

MANY OF THOSE who diagnose current social problems find at their core the separation of the individual and the group. The individual finds it difficult or impossible to communicate satisfactorily with his fellows and consequently cannot orient his own values or put himself into harmony with society. As early as 1900, the great French Jewish sociologist, Emile Durkheim, investigated suicide and found its chief modern cause in what he called "anomie," or a sense of anonymity. Faris and Dunham, in their brilliant statistical analysis of *Mental Disorders in Urban Areas,* discovered that schizophrenia, the most common type of mental disease, was much more likely to appear in those whose life circumstances prevented them from developing close personal ties to their fellows. The list of scientific studies indicating that many modern social problems result from the atomization of social groups could be greatly extended, for this conclusion has become a major one in recent social science research.

While imaginative laymen and sociologists may be aware of this central weakness of contemporary society, that is not true for the general public or for intellectuals as a general group. Moreover, many are incapable of appreciating this conclusion because they have been taught that all social explanations are to be found in a narrow economic determinism. While people are not consciously aware that an inability to communicate satisfactorily with each other is a major source of their troubles, they sense that something is wrong. Witness the widespread hatred of city life and the desire to return to the "neighborliness" of the small town or the farm. Witness also the fascination for movements which seek to "incorporate" individuals completely and provide them with channels of communication from which there can be no deviation.

One reason why most people fail to "see" the barriers to communication is that the weaknesses of personal communication have become part of our culture. One of the most striking evidences is the change in the

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meaning of democracy. When modern democratic ideology was being created in the eighteenth century, it was recognized to have three components, "liberty, equality, and fraternity"—in the terms of the French Revolutionary slogan. The literature of the period contains a good deal of discussion of these terms, and in no case is there any evidence that the writers thought of "liberty" as the sole or even the most important element of democracy. Equality and fraternity were just as important. Yet Western nations have since elevated liberty to the place where it is almost equivalent to democracy. Equality is only permitted to squeeze in during an argument, and fraternity is so completely forgotten that the term no longer has any meaning to the average citizen. Yet liberty, with its concomitant individualism, is hollow without equality and fraternity. The ills of modern society may be ascribed in large part to the fact that equality—the ideal that all men should have the same status before God and the law and should have the same chances for life success—is given only lip service, and that fraternity—the ideal that every man must respect every other man and feel a sense of responsibility for him—is completely lost. Without one ideal, the others are in danger. Fraternity represents adequate interpersonal communication and the adjustment of the individual to his social group. Its decline, both as a fact in our culture and as an ideal, is related to the rise of social ills and the growth of totalitarianism. Liberty, unassisted and unchecked by fraternity, encourages the individual to separate from his fellows, and this, in turn, tends to destroy liberty. The general failure of historians to call our attention to this major trend in Western culture reflects the unawareness of even the best educated people of the dangers in the "atomization of the individual."

While the loss of fraternity and the growth of an atomized mass have had the ill effects we have noted, there is also a danger in the opposite direction. Many of the current isms—not least fascism and anti-Semitism—have their appeal to the masses in terms of their promise to reintegrate the individual into the social order. They hold out to the isolated, anonymous modern man an offer to rejoin society, to regain his sense of social belongingness, and to eliminate his conflict of values. This is no small offer. It is more than an appeal to security; it is also an appeal to fraternity, although in a narrow and warped sense. For this, modern man is asked to give up only liberty, and frequently he is willing to do so. The result is fascism or communism, or one of their modified manifestations.

The dilemma of the mass man in a Western democracy is whether he can continue to brave the mental terrors of individualism in order to gain its benefits. In other terms, his dilemma poses for him a choice of either liberty or fraternity, either freedom or order. History has a way of developing such a dilemma even when logic does not create the opposition. There is no logical reason why there cannot be a sphere of individual freedom at the same time as there are satisfactory communication between individuals, a feeling of belongingness and social integration. A democratic solution to the problems of the modern mass man may be found in a combination of both freedom and fraternity.

Philosophers and sociologists have given this problem their attention for over a generation. As early as 1909, Charles Horton Cooley deplored the trend toward mass society, toward a "dead level of culture" in which every individual was cut in the same mold as every other one, and all were subjected to the same influences without the opportunity to discuss matters adequately. Cooley observed that nationality groups were declining in the United States, and would no longer provide the diversity of culture essential for cultural growth. He foresaw and advocated the growth of groups which would develop specific aspects of culture according to their special interests, abilities, or backgrounds. Cooley was far more democratic than some of our latter-day cultural pluralists who insist that nationality is the sole basis of cultural diversity and demand that individuals devote all aspects of their life to their nationality group. Cooley not only encouraged cultural development in all kinds of groups, including nationality groups, but expected individuals to join these groups voluntarily instead of becoming involuntary members on the basis of birth alone. (John Dewey and Horace Kallen seem to have had similar ideas in originating the philosophy of cultural pluralism, although some adherents of that philosophy today have shifted from the original intent.)

Robert E. Park, another outstanding sociologist, was concerned about the trend toward a mass society. Although following the lead of certain European writers, he was probably the first to give a clear definition of the mass. His ideas have been extended and systematized by Professor Herbert Blumer of the University of Chicago. For Park and Blumer, the mass is an agglomeration of individuals socially isolated from one another but not physically isolated. They are subjected to the same influences, especially those of propaganda, but because of social isolation have no opportunity for rational discussion of these influences.

In order to make it clear that the mass is not the only form of a modern democratic society, Park delineates the "public" in sharp distinction to it. His ideas have roots in the writings of the publicist Walter Lippmann and the university president A. Lawrence Lowell. The public is a huge informal discussion group. When any problem arises or when anything happens that concerns them collectively, members of the public talk the matter over, argue it out in such a way that everyone's attitude is influenced by everyone else's. That does not mean that the resulting "public opinion" is completely unanimous; it simply means that every person understands the other's point of view and has somehow given it consideration. It also does not mean that everyone is considering the same subject or pursuing the same line of cultural development: there are many publics, each with a different interest, and one may join or leave them freely and voluntarily. While there is this element of volition in membership, the public—for any specific issue—is a definite enough group with adequate communication between its members. There is thus no social isolation, no sense of loneliness, no unsatisfied longing to belong to some group or movement. While all the members of a public are subjected to the same influences, including propaganda, the influences are not taken at their face value and so are not directly determining. Members of a public do not respond directly to outside stimuli as members of a mass do; rather they evaluate every influence to see how it fits in with their knowledge, beliefs, and expectations. The public has a culture and a set of ideals with which to make these evaluations.

This distinction between the mass and the public is a most important one for the analysis of contemporary society. In the first place, it should be noted that while both may exist in a democratic society, the mass is such an unstable and unsatisfying grouping that it is actually conducive to totalitarianism. But dictatorship provides only superficial satisfaction to social needs; while the totalitarian state gives something to the people to belong to, it still keeps them out of communication with each other. No dictatorship can survive if the common people form publics and discuss their situation, their culture, and their ideals. If they did so, they would threaten the dictatorship, or at least prevent it from doing what it wishes to do. Fascism, therefore, sets up the strongest barriers to communication between citizens, and yet tries to create the illusion that they are fully integrated members of an understanding and protective state. The dictator must subject his people to frequent propaganda and he expects them to respond to it directly. Thus every totalitarian state in these days of high average education and easy means of communication must be a mass society, even though it may have a camouflage of stability. The mass society is no more stable under dictatorship than it is under democracy. Fascism eventually turns out to be a mirage: while it recruits members in its early stages because it seems to be a way out of the mass society, it becomes an extreme form of the mass society once it has achieved power and is seeking to keep people in line.

A stable society and a satisfied population have been achieved historically under two types of conditions. One is the backward, isolated community where the demands of the group on the individual are fixed by tradition. In their limited circle, people are in adequate communication with each other, and they have a strong sense of belonging and loyalty. Their values are clear and have been found practical through long use. Outside influences provide little challenge to them. This type of society, when it occurs under the Western tradition or among people in contact with the Western tradition has been named the "folk society" by Robert Redfield and has been thoroughly described by him in several books and papers.

The other type of stable society is the public, which we have examined in preceding paragraphs. Clearly it is the only kind of stable society which is possible in modern Western civilization, since the isolation and unbroken tradition required by the folk society can no longer exist. The public can exist for a long time only in a democracy, since it requires freedom of expression and freedom of belief. Much of American society has been that of the public type, and this helps to explain the long devotion to democracy which has characterized this nation. Some West European nations—notably Germany, Austria, and Italy—had less of a tradition of free discussion and therefore urbanization and secularization created the mass rather than the public. Consequently democratic governments proved unstable in these countries. Some of the eastern European nations have never left off being folk societies, at least in their rural areas, and an authoritarian type of government that does not too strongly violate local traditions is satisfactory to them.

While Britain and the United States have been based on the "public" form of social relationship through most of history, their trend toward becoming mass societies is clear. Let us consider the changes in the light of history. Western civilization has shifted from folk society to mass society. All who know their elementary history are aware of some manifestations of that change: the rise of a capitalistic economy out of a feudal economy, the extension of trade to all parts of the globe, the growth of economic specialization and division of labor, the greatly increased economic interdependence of all people, the invention of new technical devices for economic efficiency and diversification, the expansion of social contacts outside one's village, the growth of large cities. Most historians have failed, somehow, to tell us what these drastic changes meant to the average citizen. By far the keenest analysis has come from the pen of an economist and editor, Karl Polanyi, in his *The Great Transformation.* He points out that these changes, especially the "almost miraculous" improvement in the tools of production, were accompanied by "a catastrophic dislocation of the lives of the common people." Before the Industrial Revolution, most of the common people had a basic economic security. The feudal serf was treated practically as a slave and had a minimum of legal and political rights. But he "belonged" to a plot of land, and no one could force him off it even though he was not the titular owner. The medieval village also had "common land," out of which a bare living could be eked by sheep raising. Before the nineteenth century the serf and peasant existed on an extremely low standard of living, but they felt that there were minimum economic resources on which they could always rely. Then the "enclosure movement" dispossessed most of them of their land and the commercial and industrial revolutions transformed a majority from farmers into workers. At first the sudden uprooting from the basic security of the land was met in England by a sort of minimum wage law (the Speenhamland Act) whereby a worker who did not earn the minimum would have his wages supplemented up to the minimum by the government. This was a last gesture at maintaining the old security under the new system of industrial capitalism. It failed to work because employers found they could depress wages below the minimum without starving their workers and because workers found that they could loaf on the job without getting fired or lowering their total incomes below the minimum specified by law. After the law was repealed, in 1834, each worker found that his economic security was completely at the mercy of an employer, and each employer had to meet the competition of an impersonal market. Whenever confidence in the employer was shaken, either because of the latter's personal arbitrariness or because he was not competing effectively, the worker's sense of security dropped. Even though the average income per worker rose markedly under industrial capitalism, the *feeling of security* sagged. Each depression, with successively larger unemployment rates, struck a new blow at workers' feelings of economic security. This led to personal demoralization, on the one hand, and the demand for security, on the other. The demand for security took two forms: the organization of trade unions and pressure for laws to provide minimum security. The growth of unions and the passage of laws for social security, minimum wages and relief have compensated somewhat for the basic economic security previously provided by the land. But many workers are not members of effective unions, many are not covered by the security laws, and the unions do not have complete control over firing, so that the economic problem of the mass society remains.

Another aspect of the transition from folk to mass society has been exposed by Elton Mayo and his followers. While studying industrial fatigue and spontaneous featherbedding in industrial plants, Mayo found that improvements in working conditions, rest periods and more employee facilities did not increase worker efficiency. But sympathetic attention did. Similar results have been demonstrated throughout industry by Brooks and by Golden and Ruttenberg: they show that even pay raises, bonuses and profit-sharing have seldom, if ever, increased worker output. After extended investigation, the Mayo group came to the following conclusion: when the worker felt he was treated as an impersonal cog in an industrial machine, he did not care much about doing a good job for the employer. But when personal interest was taken in the problems of the employee, when he was consulted on all matters concerning his job, and when rewards and punishments were given out with strict attention to all the factors in the worker's situation, his job morale and efficiency rose. Viewed historically, the factory system under capitalism did transform most workers into impersonal cogs—labor was regarded as an ingredient in production, just like materials and capital. The worker consequently felt a loss of individuality; he became one of the sheep portrayed so realistically by Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times." When workers no longer own their tools, when absentee ownership controls management, when there seems little chance of getting ahead, no personal response to requests or suggestions, and no possible pride in one's work, then discontent—of which a strike is only one possible manifestation—is certain.

Peter Drucker, in his *Concept of a Corporation,* reports a telling story of what happened in an airplane factory toward the end of the Second World War. The factory was playing a crucial role in war production; yet the turnover and absentee rates were very high and the production rate low. The workers were "fed up" with war shortages of consumers' goods, the difficulties of transportation to and from work, inadequate housing, the confusion of working in a rapidly expanded plant. Government officials and plant managers grew frantic as output continued to slip. Then the Army put on exhibition a war-battered bomber that had been produced at that very factory several years earlier. With it came the crew that had flown the bomber on dozens of missions over Germany. They were "guides" to the plane; it was thought they would tell the workers about the bombing flights. The workers came in droves, stayed after hours, and most of them asked questions, which followed pretty much the same pattern: "My job is to do thus-and-so. Would you please tell me where the part I handle is in the plane, and what it does." The workers did not know what they were doing! Naturally they did not see their relation to the war effort. When the part at which they worked was pointed out, its function explained, and perhaps an anecdote passed along as to how that part had once been hit or how it protected a flier, the workers were delighted. It sounds incredible to those who have never felt as these men did, but production immediately jumped upward. As far as anyone could tell, the bomber exhibit was the cause—or, rather the workers' discovery of the significance of their job in the total war effort. The specialist had regained a conception of the whole, at least temporarily.

Economists and industrial relations experts like Polanyi, Mayo, Warner, and Drucker have done a good job of analyzing the shift from folk society to mass society as it has been influenced by economics.

Sociologist, as we noted earlier, have paid a good deal of attention to the consequences of a mass society. But they have not analyzed the social consequences in historical terms. What happens to the individual, for example, when recreation shifts from a participating to a passive form? At present, we can only speculate, but certain hypotheses seem likely. In active participation in games, individuals are obliged to communicate constantly with each other, and adjust their behavior and attitudes to the behavior and attitudes of the other participants. Social bonds grow out of such adjustments and readjustments. But when individuals take their recreation by observing other people play, they are not "interacting," they are not adjusting their behavior and attitudes to those of other people. Of course, there is a certain amount of interaction within the audience, especially when the individual comes to the sports event with other people. But, on the whole, the interpersonal relations consist largely of the members of the audience observing the players, the players communicating to each other and to the audience, but the audience having only a small reaction back on the players and then not as individuals but as a mass. Modern man, of middle or lower income, has much more time for recreation than did his ancestors, but an increasing proportion of that recreational time is spent as part of a passive audience.

The motion picture audience represents the extreme form of the passive mass. Individuals come into the theater either singly or in small groups; there are no social ties between them before they enter, as there would be, for example, in a business or club meeting. The continuous show, without fore- or after-period, the darkness, and the silence of the audience, all cut audience interrelationships to a minimum. The audience focuses on the screen, where a representation of people in a social setting is enacted. The people are not real, they are simply a projection from a celluloid film. Thus, the communication is entirely one way. What is more, most movies are not designed to portray everyday real life situations. To draw an audience, they must depict what is most exciting, most romantic, most degrading, most heroic, or anything else that has the requisite emotional appeal. In this sense, a movie is a fantasy for the member of the audience, except that he needs no imagination to create it himself. It is set up for him by someone else, and once he enters the theater he is all but obliged to see the fantasy through to its end. It is presented attractively—"with pictures" rather than through the written word—and he views it from a comfortable seat with a minimum of outside distraction. In content, most movies do not appeal to the widely differing interests and backgrounds of a heterogeneous population but rather to the lowest common denominator of general interests. Most of them carefully avoid incitement to action, but seek to achieve an emotional catharsis. Attendance at a movie can be compared, then, to the working of an intellectual and emotional dose of epsom salts taken in social isolation and isolating in its effects. Taken occasionally, this is relaxing and healthful. Taken frequently, it becomes debilitating and asocial. People who are drawn frequently to the movies are, or become, socially sick.

The radio does not have quite the same effect as the movies. The individual frequently hears it within a structured social group of family or friends, and it does not inhibit communication between real people to nearly the same degree. A program can much more easily be changed to another or turned off entirely. There is somewhat greater diversity and experimentation with programs and more adjustment to local community needs and interests, because radio programming is cheaper than movie-making (per program produced) and also much more decentralized. After all this is said, it must still be recognized that the radio is a force toward mass dead-levelism. There is no audience participation, little encouragement of after-program discussion, little interest in programs that appeal to special interests. A good proportion of the time, the average listener, especially the woman listener, hears highly dramatic programs while in isolation from other people. Although several radio program makers are aware of these charges against them and have tried to do something about it, they are driven toward the mass-appeal type of program by the audience itself. Witness the recent rise in popularity of the "give-away" program. Members of the radio audience, in huge numbers, listen attentively, not permitting outside interruption, to what is not even good entertainment, in order to cash in on the million-to-one chance that they might be the one telephoned for the answer to an insignificant question. Not only are they cut off from social contact, and treated to an extremely dead-level form of entertainment, but they also must get frustrated after a while at not having their hope of winning a prize fulfilled.

We have been considering the trend toward mass society in just one area of social life, that of recreation. In other areas, the changes have perhaps been more important, if not so spectacular. Let us take the neighborhood, for example. In 1790, only 5 per cent of the people of the United States lived in cities; in 1940, 57 per cent lived in cities, and the proportion has undoubtedly risen since then. A major adjustment is involved in moving from a rural area to a city, and not enough study has been devoted to the social consequences of this continuous trend. Most urban neighborhoods, especially those in which people with middle and upper incomes live, are not highly integrated in the sense that all the people know each other and a common set of stores and other facilities serve all of them. Whereas in rural areas or villages, a resident will know all those who live in a radius of several miles, an urbanite may not know his next-door neighbor. This creates for the city a reputation of being cold and unfriendly. Actually, of course, it is easy to make more friends in the city than in the country, because more people are available and there is a greater possibility of finding those who are temperamentally congenial. But one makes friends in a different way—by joining a club, a church, a union, or by going to a skating rink or bowling alley. One's friends may live scattered over many parts of a city rather than live close by. For the person who moves from the country to the city, it may be difficult to learn that physical closeness of residence is not a necessary basis of association. Consequently, he may be lonely and isolated. This is especially significant in view of the fact that most immigrants to the city are unattached people rather than family groups, and so do not even have husbands or wives, parents or children to turn to for companionship. The isolated individual is a member of a mass, not an organized society.

The city is heterogeneous, made up of groups of many divergent interests and backgrounds. This diversity, coupled with the large size of the urban population which permits even a well-known individual to walk down most streets unnoticed, creates opportunities for freedom of personal behavior that is rare in villages and that scarcely existed before the rise of the large city in the nineteenth century. Freedom and diversity have been one of the great attractions of city life, and they have been an essential element in the development of artistic and intellectual activities wherever they have appeared. But freedom imposes a responsibility on the individual to make up his own mind as to what kind of behavior he wishes to engage in. There are fewer standards to which the individual must conform, and the concepts of "right" and "good" are made relative. To an individual without the training to make up his own mind on such ethical matters or the strength of character to conform to standards which he thinks proper, freedom may be demoralizing. The demoralized individual is also a member of a mass, not of an organized society.

The city is also complex, or rather it reflects the complexity of modern life, which impinges on moral areas also. Complexity is confusing to the average individual. Just as industrial relations experts like Mayo and Drucker have shown that the complexity of machine production confuses and makes unhappy the industrial worker, so could it be observed that the increasing complexity of other aspects of modern life creates new sources of confusion for most citizens. Take politics, for example: the activities and structures of government are far more complex today than they were a hundred years ago. The government touches the lives of the average citizen at many more points. Despite the higher level of formal education, it is probable that the average citizen understands the government less today at those points at which it impinges on him. This perhaps explains the widespread belief that corrupt and evil forces have control of the government (even when its head—Roosevelt or Truman, for example—may be widely trusted and respected, and even when there is a popular demand that the government engage in a greater number of activities to aid ordinary people). And a rumor that the Jews are widely infiltrated through the government will catch on as a reasonable explanation of why the operations of government are so mysterious. In the folk society of premodern times, clearly specified powers were known to have control of government and the common people were not supposed to bother their heads with it. In today's democracy, the people are supposed to take responsibility for government, but it has become too complicated for them to understand. So they are confused, and feel alienated from their "government" in some ways (not from their flesh and blood President, senator, representative or Supreme Court justice, however). A confused people form a mass also, not an organized society.

There are other aspects of modern society which give the individual a sense of insecurity and alienation, and social forces are tending to increase these feelings. We can do no more than list them here. First, the functions of woman have decreased sharply from the day when she was a major helpmate to her husband in breadwinning and when she was the chief educator for a large brood of children. The mechanical revolution greatly reduced and simplified household tasks. Yet society imposes no demands that she seek substitute functions. She can try her hand at a paid job or at social welfare activity, but usually no one says that she must. And so the modern wife, after her youngest child has started school, is partly functionless, which means that she is likely to raise questions to herself about her reason for existence and she feels a vague but pervasive dissatisfaction. Since she has related herself to other people at only marginal points, and since she is uncertain as to her own role in society, she is a member of the mass, not of an organized society.

While the spread of formal education has increased modern man's sophistication, and in one sense helped him to understand the forces which control him, it has concomitantly increased his skepticism regarding the sources of his information. This would tend to decrease false beliefs if the citizen knew how to secure alternative sources of facts and if he could weigh all evidence and apply the scientific historian's rules of internal and external criticism. But the education of most people has not proceeded that far. They have learned only up to the point that propagandists are all about them and that few sources of news can be trusted. Consequently some people are generally in as bad a fix as the several hundred women who, in early 1946, waited outside a hosiery store hoping to buy a pair of nylons. An hour earlier the proprietor had put a sign up saying "No More Nylons" and had locked his door as he could not transact other business with hundreds of women milling about in pursuit of nonexistent stockings. A policeman tried to persuade the women to move along: "Really, ladies, there ain't any more nylons today." Responded one of the hopefuls: "I never believe rumors." While this woman had not yet reached the state of bewilderment arrived at when people find out that disbelieving signs does not always pay, most Americans have arrived at that stage.

While this analysis of contemporary society could be greatly extended, it should be quite clear that folk society has turned into mass society to a considerable extent. Consensus between people on values and ways of behaving hardly exists any longer because tradition and closely-knit social structures have been weakened. People have increasingly become mentally isolated from each other, and they are confused by and suspicious of the forces that seem to control them. The mass society we live in today is not and cannot be stable or progressive in an orderly way. It tends to run to extreme panaceas: to orgiastic religious movements on the one hand, and to all-explaining, all-dominating dictatorships on the other hand. Neither of these will solve the problem, since they rely on false explanations and they maintain the mass condition of society in order to perpetuate themselves.

There are those who would get rid of mass society by seeking to return to a folk society. Included among these are the agrarians who would abolish cities and return the population to the farms, the medievalists who would abolish diversity and set up one moral and intellectual authority, the primitivists who would re-establish ancient cultural forms and abolish modern ones. All these people, with their "quest for certainty," see the problems engendered by modern mass society, but do not see the unplanned results of their solutions. The population is now too large and too specialized to return to the farm; the agrarian solution could be achieved only by killing off ninety per cent of the people. The population is now too well educated and too heterogeneous to accept the medievalist solution of setting up one leader to answer all moral and intellectual questions. The population is too sophisticated and too adjusted to modern technology to accept the primitivist solution of abolishing modern culture forms. Short of a catastrophic destruction of most of the people and our culture, it would appear that the major sources of mass society are here to stay: the large cities, modern machine methods and other types of labor-saving technology, at least an elementary education for most children, people with diverse background and interests, and so on.

Most people seem to feel that these things are not bad in themselves, and the great majority seems anxious to take advantage of them. The question facing us then, seems not simply how to abolish a mass society, but how to eliminate its unhappy consequences while retaining its beneficent causes. A great deal more thinking and studying needs to be done on this point. One suggestion that seems to hold promise lies in the sociologists' concept of the public mentioned earlier. The public can exist only when there is diversity of opinions and backgrounds, when there is freedom and complexity, and when the sources of information are manifold. Yet it avoids isolation and confusion, and puts people on the road toward resolution of mental and valuational conflicts. The "public" is only a word, of course, and therefore it does not "do" any of these things. What is meant is that the conditions which create the social relationship known as the public are also the conditions which eliminate some of the characteristics of the social relationship known as the mass. The main condition is that of free and constant communication. If people can talk over their divergent points of view, and vicariously share their divergent experiences and sources of information, their confusion will diminish and they will have a clearer understanding of the forces that move society. If, through this communication, they can relate themselves to each other despite their initial divergences, not only will they cease to feel isolated but also they can develop a sense of participation in the political process. The achievement of a consensus in a political discussion usually results in a demand for expression of that consensus in some sort of political action.

Free discussion does not necessarily result in the elimination of divergence and the creation of uniformity. In the first place, diversity arises in our society naturally, and it would take a ruthless dictatorship to eliminate it. Secondly, discussion seldom results in unanimity of opinion: witness the presidential elections which involve a maximum of discussion but practically never a majority of more than sixty per cent. Thirdly, the diversity in minor groups in a society will be tolerated only if there is some understanding of the causes of diversity of those groups and of the exact nature of the diversity. Fourthly, if minor groups wish to participate in the processes which affect society as a whole, and see that their point of view and interests get represented, they must relate themselves to other groups and work cooperatively with them. Finally, the existence of minor groups with divergent ideas and culture forms depends on the preservation of democratic government, and democratic government requires at least a minimum of understanding and cooperation among its citizenry. Diversity thus fosters intellectual and cultural development only if there is adequate communication through most of the society.

Let us assume that our hypothesis is correct, that the solution for the difficulties created by mass society is the attainment of a "public" state of social relationships in which discussion is free and constant, and no major issue is settled without a public opinion having been formed about it. How then could this social condition be achieved? Until further studies are made, no one can say. But some hypotheses may be offered which have a basis in general sociological knowledge.

1. A major block to communication from the standpoint of the individual is a feeling of insecurity. All efforts to promote security, especially job security, will reduce those paranoid tendencies in people which block their communication with others.

2. Discussions take place most freely and constantly if people are in groups which have a definite purpose and time for discussion. Devices should be found for encouraging people to join functional groups—like civic improvement organizations, political clubs, unions, recreational associations. New kinds of voluntary interest associations could possibly be developed.

3. Attachment to neighborhood could be stimulated. Recently, city planning has taken the line of developing neighborhood units with all necessary facilities and space for recreation. More attention needs to be given to the social side of these "housing projects." Also, people in the older city blocks might be encouraged to take advantage of the benefits of cooperation to get advantages for themselves which they could not afford as individuals. All such activities would promote group attachment on a neighborhood basis, and would also help to eliminate some of the major "evils" of city life.

4. On many important issues, people do not have access to the facts, or to the arguments for different points of view. Newspapers in many localities do not provide this information, or see the need for providing it. Provision of basic information regarding important issues, in readable and easily accessible form, would seem to be an aid to discussion.

5. New ways of disseminating information need to be devised. Adult educators have been working on this problem for a long time, but have not yet found enough ways to make adult education interesting.

6. Civic groups need to put pressure on newspapers to gain more adequate representation of issues. At present, newspaper adequacy and point of view seem to be determined almost solely by owners and advertisers.

7. Less cynicism needs to be developed about the possibility of making contact with differing groups. One of the characteristics of a leader is that he is not cynical regarding possibilities.

8. Training in public speaking could be made available to members

of functional groups that felt they needed it. One of the most popular courses in most labor education programs is public speaking. The major reason the class members give for selecting the course is that they sometimes feel the urge to express themselves at a union meeting, but are afraid they will make fools of themselves.

These are simply suggestions for promoting more effective communication. Any of the suggestions may be wrong, and together they may be ineffective, as future experimentation would show. But they represent the sort of thing about which we must think and be inventive if we are to solve the problems created by the mass society. The alternatives seem to be either to continue to drift in a mass society, with its pain for the individual and its danger to culture, or to turn to some form of totalitarianism, with its loss of liberty for the individual and its placing of culture in rigid molds. Since a mass society is inherently unstable, if there are no efforts to combat the alienation of modern man, totalitarianism is our destiny. Unfortunately, too many seem to be willing to give up and accept totalitarianism as the way out.

Drunk on the Train

By DAVID M. SANDER

there is a drunk on the train.

women are shocked and silent
looking deeply out of the windows
even from the aisle seats.
girls pull down their skirts,
sit rigid with uncrossed legs.

all talk has stopped.
only the clack of the wheels.

he has sat down.

from a circle of safety now
the unaccosted listen
pitying terribly the young man
who
upholds the honour of the car
by refusing a cigarette.

oh, god, he's up again,

moving.

why doesn't the conductor come?
do something, do something?

DAVID M. SANDER is a Chicagoan. These are his first published poems.

The Social and Historical Philosophy of Elton Mayo

By HAROLD L. SHEPPARD

THE NEW "science of human relations in industry" has by now become a highly respectable movement in American industrial and academic circles. Its success has been explained largely in terms of the direct, technical contributions it offers to factory labor problems and personnel management in general. This facet of "human engineering" or "managerial sociology" has been appraised critically by various writers, but there is more to the movement than a set of suggestions for raising productivity and reducing absenteeism. These suggestions are permeated by and operate within an evaluative framework, or ideology, about history and society. The social philosophy of "human relations in industry" is best represented in the writings of the late Elton Mayo who died in England last year shortly after his retirement from many years of service in Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration.

Take, for example, his musings on "spontaneous collaboration." For Mayo, spontaneous or voluntary collaboration is the real problem crying for solution which society has chosen to ignore in favor of such problems as nationalism and collective bargaining. As far back as 1919, in his *Democracy and Freedom* (written and published in Australia, and, curiously, never mentioned in his current bibliographies), Mayo expressed his doubts about so-called "democracy" and elaborated upon his concern over the general indifference to the decline in spontaneous collaboration. Twenty-two years later, in a foreword to Fritz Roethlisberger's *Management and Morale,* he repeats in a similar plea:

> Discussions in the technical reviews, somewhat grandiloquently entitled "the growth of nationalism" or "collective bargaining as a means of preventing industrial disputes," merely serve to mask the fact that the human capacity

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HAROLD SHEPPARD's article on Elton Mayo's philosophy and background has been postponed several times pending publication of comment and other essays in the area of group relations in this issue. Mr. Sheppard teaches in the department of sociology and anthropology at Wayne University.

> for spontaneous collaboration has greatly diminished or, at least, has not kept pace with other developments.

And in 1945, an even stronger expression of his disdain for political and/or economic perspectives in general appeared in another appeal, this time in his own *Social Problems of an Industrial Civilization:*

> Effective cooperation, then, is the problem we face in the middle period of the twentieth century. There is no "Ism" that will help us to solution; we must be content to return to patient pedestrian work at the wholly neglected problem of the determinants of spontaneous collaboration.

Its use more directly in labor-management problems appears in the work of Mayo's disciples, T. N. Whitehead and Roethlisberger. In their statements one can see the pertinence of terms like cohesion, integration, and solidarity, to the concept under discussion.

> Horizontal lines of collaboration, in so far as they are effective, result in daily adjustments being elaborated at the level at which the problems arise. Thus initiative remains in the hands of those whose daily activities have shown the need. On the other hand, when the process of collaboration is forced up the lines of formal authority, integration and initiative take place above and are brought down to the relevant level in the form of orders.[1]
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> . . . effective collaboration among people is dependent upon conforming to certain codes of behavior without any conscious process of deciding whether one will or will not cooperate. . . . Without accepted codes of behavior the spontaneity of collaboration is lost. Although this is intuitively understood by the skillful practitioner of human relations, it is far from being explicitly recognized in the partial logics of management by means of which "control" is also exercised.[2]

Without citing any further instances in detail, it is possible to delineate certain significant features of spontaneous collaboration. At times, the concept is used merely to refer to the informal relations between workers on the same level of authority in the job-situation, in contrast to relationships of a formal nature, between individuals of different levels as seen on an organizational blueprint. More often, however, especially in discussions about the broader and more crucial issues surrounding industrial relations, the term is used to refer to the relationships between employer-manager and employee. This is true despite the semantic device frequently employed by the Mayo writers in referring to managers and workers as "fellow-employees," in line with the current terminology associated with Burnham's *Managerial Revolution* and promoted by industry's publicity men.

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[1] T. N. Whitehead, *Leadership in a Free Society* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1936), p. 114. The author is a son of the philosopher. Of this book, Robert Lynd has written that "it is chiefly significant for two unintended reasons; as a rationalization of a fascist America to be run by and for businessmen, and as an evidence of what can happen to an alert mind bent to the purposes of a modern business school. . . ." Review of Whitehead, in *Political Science Quarterly*, December, 1937.

[2] Roethlisberger, *Management and Morale*, p. 183.

By its very nature, spontaneous collaboration as viewed here must be carried out unconsciously, i.e., cooperation between employer and employee is futile if the parties involved, especially the employee group, engage in deliberative discussions that require thought, thus raising the probability of conflict. In order for such a relationship of cooperation to operate, furthermore, worker and manager must not be fettered in their intrinsically harmonious positions by digressions into conflict-breeding issues involving questions of job-control and wages. Moreover, and this is indispensable, cooperation in labor-management affairs excludes formal contractual negotiations between the involved groups. In other words, spontaneous collaboration does not include collective bargaining: it does not mean union-management cooperation. The type of organization valued by spontaneous collaboration is vertical, not horizontal, which implies the company union. The presence of independent unions requires a high degree of *conscious* (unspontaneous) and *formal* activity among employees and between themselves and employers. Collaboration cannot be effective in such cases because conscious processes of decision weaken the chances for conformity to a code of behavior congruent with the "economic objectives of the company as a whole."[3]

That these objectives are determined by a top segment of the manager group Mayo and company neglect to make clear in their recommendations for spontaneous collaboration. Uncritical acceptance by the workers of the orders and goals of management is part and parcel of their submission to spontaneous collaboration wherein they become integrated into functioning and cohesive harmony with their fellow-employees, the supervisors, junior executives, and president in the factory which is a "social system." And when such a stage is reached, collaboration is at a "higher" level, according to Roethlisberger. An excellent index of this high level is an increase in productivity.

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[3] Roethlisberger and Dickson, *Management and the Worker* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1939), p. 126.

Cooperation in the Mayo perspective is a relationship involving happily unorganized (nonunionized) workers who unthinkingly and enthusiastically comply with the wishes of management toward the achievement and maintenance of its economic objectives. This is also the content of "morale" as used by the Mayo group. Furthermore, it includes the assumption that any discontent among workers can be channelled into certain forms of activity which will not lead to disloyalty, hostility, absenteeism, restriction of output, and strikes, if they are persuaded to "speak out" to someone. If their grievances cease to be repressed and if they can be persuaded that management is not unreasonable and arbitrary, they will become more contented, regular, and loyal employees. This assumption is tied up with a major function, if not an avowed purpose, of the extensive counselling program advocated in *Management and the Worker,* and conducted for a time at Western Electric's Hawthorne Plant near Chicago. The claim is made that merely to listen to the complaints of workers, without censure, and without acting on the complaints, reduces fatigue and increases efficiency. At the same time, the counselors serve as agents of management in the program of a patient persuasion of workers into acceptance of management's policies and goals.[4]

In all of the Mayo group's emphasis on collaboration and solidarity, there is no consideration of the political and economic problems that might be expected to be relevant to the achievement of spontaneous collaboration, nor any consideration of the *goals* toward which men might cooperate, nor any attention given to the relative roles of various social classes that would participate under such conditions of collaboration. Also conspicuously lacking is an interest in *conflict, classes, or interest* groups.

Summarizing the discussion up to this point, we see that according to the Mayo perspective, which has been developing over the past three decades, collaboration in society has been declining steadily. In fact, Mayo locates the beginning of the breakdown in cooperation in the sixteenth century during which medievalism began to crack. Applied to the industrial relations scene, this steady decline explains absenteeism, restriction in output, unionism, and strikes. The solution calls for the development by managerial élites of "skills" in human relations whereby workers are manipulated into accepting spontaneously the desiderata of management.

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[4] Before the establishment of, and his association with, the counseling program at Hawthorne, Mayo stated in a 1928 lecture at Harvard that, "In any industry where there are individuals trained to listen carefully for the first hints of such preoccupation it is always possible to anticipate and prevent the emergence of 'unrest'." "Maladjustment of the Industrial Worker," in *Wertheim Lectures on Industrial Relations*. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1929), p. 185.

The notion of spontaneous collaboration does not stand by itself, but is related to a broader structure of social thought that serves as a basis of social-historical explanation and evaluation for Mayo. Its "intellectual pedigree" is worth tracing. I refer here to his societal dichotomy of *established* vs. *adaptive* types of society.

According to Mayo, spontaneous collaboration exists in primitive societies, and once did exist in medieval, preindustrial societies of the Occident. These are *established* societies wherein "group codes determined the social order of things and the direction of individuals' lives; the interests of the individual were subordinated, by his own eager desire developed from infancy, to the interests of the group and in return the group gave him stability, an assured function, and opportunity for satisfying participation." In the *adaptive* society, spontaneous collaboration is destroyed as a consequence of a process which is never made too clear by Mayo—he does vaguely attempt to use a "cultural-lag" theory (i.e., the rate of progress of patterns of living together fall behind the rate of progress of technology) to explain this destruction. In this type of society, which developed with the advent of industrialism, the population is disintegrating into groups that show an increasing hostility to each other, and "irrational hates are taking the place of cooperation."

The chief points in Mayo's conception of society and social change include the following, as culled from his writings: 1) our society has undergone a transition from a condition (established) that once prevailed in the past and still does prevail in the "primitive community," a condition in which individuals born into the society incorporate into themselves an identity with their group's interests and welfare, to a condition now in process (adaptive) in which such incorporation and identification do not develop. 2) As a result of the first condition, happiness and cooperation "come naturally"; as a result of the second, unhappiness develops, producing interpersonal and intergroup conflict. 3) In the adaptive society there is a lag between progress in the technical sphere and progress in the "social" sphere. 4) If we had somehow managed to minimize this lag or gap, to maintain the rates of change in both spheres at an equal level, society could have avoided war, chaos, and anarchy. 5) Modern conditions apparently repress the natural desire or "instinct" for association. 6) The way out from the dangers of modern civilization's downfall is to restore spontaneous cooperation by encouraging the release of this desire through the use of "social skills" on the part of leaders and/or administrators. 7) And the natural source for these leaders is in the field of industrial management.

This is the perspective by which Mayo sees and explains the problem-phenomena of modern society. The sociologist should be interested in it for at least two reasons: first, its similarity to other schemes characterized by similar societal dichotomies; and second, its similarity to the "cultural lag" theory of social problems.

Mayo has introduced into the literature of social thought another dichotomy to be placed alongside familiar polar opposites such as *gemeinschaft-gesellschaft;* sacred-secular; folk-urban; status-contract. Because of his frequent references to Emile Durkheim, there can be little doubt that this French social scientist and philosopher is one of the primary intellectual sources for the *established-adaptive* scheme of Mayo. Durkheim's scheme of *mechanique-organique* societies appears to be the basis of this particular facet of Mayo's perspective. He was familiar with Durkheim's ideas for at least two decades.

Mayo's discussion of Durkheim's scheme is as follows: where industry in France had developed rapidly, there resulted "a dangerous social disunity" which reduced the chances for interpersonal or inter-group "collaboration." In modern, technically developed society there is missing the chief characteristic of the "simple, ordered community," the subordination of the individual's interests "by his own eager desire, to the interests of the group." In primitive society the individual "can clearly anticipate during infancy and adolescence the function he will fulfill for the group when adult." But the rapid advance of science and industry during the nineteenth century ended the individual's identification with his group and lowered his satisfaction in his work. Kinship bonds are weakened, the family loses its importance; and "more often than not, no new or developing group relation is substituted for it."

Group ties are further weakened by the necessity for the individual to seek work; this search produces more social disruption. In extreme cases, individuals who lose completely any sense of "social relationship or obligation" end up as melancholics, suicides, "lone wolves," or criminals. And the number of such persons is increasing, according to Mayo. Even when individuals do find group relationship, the level of unity and obligation to the "common purpose" is lower than the primitive. Mayo agrees with Durkheim's contention that although the successive creation of larger economic units has given us greater material rewards, our economic progress has step by step been accompanied by "a destruction of individual significance in living for the majority of citizens." Quoting Durkheim himself, "What is in fact characteristic of our development is that it has successively destroyed all the established social contexts; one after another they have been banished either by the slow usury of time or by violent revolution, and in such fashion that nothing has been developed to replace them."

Durkheim's diagnosis of, and prescription for, our social problems, therefore, carried a "pronounced anti-individualistic character." They were also anti-socialist. Indeed, as Talcott Parsons points out, one of the chief reasons Durkheim went into sociology was his conclusion that socialist economics failed to meet the issues provoked by utilitarian individualism. Mayo is of the same opinion, as can be seen in his *Democracy and Freedom* and in *Human Problems of an Industrial Civilization,* especially where he takes Richard Tawney's *Acquisitive Society* to task.[5]

He also shares Durkheim's belief that the French Revolution was a major factor in the destruction of "those effective routines of collaboration to which, far more than to any political agency, the survival of the historic societies has been due." From this Mayo concludes that "modern industrial society consequently moves always in the direction of an ineffective state authority facing 'a disordered dust of individuals.' "

In Durkheim's sociology, society is an organization with a more or less definite system of relationships; it is, more concretely, a system of interaction and communication, and association. It is also unity. Pretty much the same notion is to be found in the views of those who, like Pareto, think of society as an equilibrium. The concept of social unity, writes Harry Alpert in his work on Durkheim, has often been confused with *ethical* norms of union and harmony, although Alpert absolves the French sociologist of such confusion. We cannot absolve Mayo and his disciples, however. For them, social unity and integration are identified with peace, friendliness, cooperation, and solidarity; disintegration, with war, conflict, and antagonism. Again, according to Alpert, the use of "solidarity" in English engenders more of an ethical, evaluative connotation than does the term as used by Durkheim. This might be an inaccurate exoneration of Durkheim by Alpert, for other students believe him to have been guilty of the same connotation. At any rate, the use of the term by the Mayoites implies an ethical duty and a social obligation, or an unstated ideal condition wherein, to repeat, "group codes determine . . . the social order of things and the direction of individuals' lives; the interests of the individual [are] subordinated, by his own eager desire developed from infancy, to the interests of the group; and in return the group [gives] him stability, an assured function, and an opportunity for satisfying participation." This is Mayo's interpretation of Durkheim's *mechanical* society. It is his established society.

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[5] "Actually the problem is not that of the sickness of an acquisitive society; it is that of the acquisitiveness of a sick society." *Human Problems* . . ., p. 153.

Apparently, industry *per se* (not the ideology and value system that accompanied it) in the nineteenth century is viewed by Harvard Business School's most noted teacher as the cause of contemporary social disorganization. This assumes, of course, that pre-nineteenth century society was organized and stable. A stereotype is to be found in this assumption, a stereotype of a static, "established" society ostensibly governed by tradition and custom. As with the majority of professional social pathologists, Mayo detects social disorganization in terms of deviations from a set of norms; in his case the norms derive from an image of the established society. In his emphasis on an *established* society, Mayo must have in the back of his mind the notion that we have drifted or deviated from the norms which are characteristic of such a society. In this society people were "normal" and happy; there was no unrest, no conflict. Each member of the established society "knew his place." "Spontaneous collaboration" prevailed.

If as Mayo claims, intergroup hostility has increased, and this is indeterminate, what is the cause of such hostility? Is it to be found in the conflicting interests and ideologies of the diverse groups created by industrialism under capitalism, for example? We have no clear indication as to whether Mayo distinguishes in his own mind industrialism *per se* from capitalism as a concrete, historically placed mode of social organization and relationships. He apparently prefers to ignore the latter as a prime factor in a possible explanatory approach.

As for the alleged absence or presence of the spontaneity of collaboration, it is a question as to whether there was such an idealized spontaneity in the relations between the individuals and between the classes in preindustrial society, as Mayo asserts. What about the relationships, for example, between serf and master? Was this "spontaneous?" The nature of this spontaneity is not clear. Henri Pirenne's classical studies of medieval society reveal many a conflict between strata of that population. And Lewis Mumford, in his *Technics and Civilization,* suggests that modern machine society has produced more collective and cooperative enterprise and behavior than other societies.

Mayo takes the path of those twentieth-century philosophers (Toynbee is an example) who, Cassandra-like, are pessimistic about the chances or ability of modern man to survive the disorganization created supposedly by technology, and who speak of the "decline" of Western civilization, the "degradation" of the human spirit, the "disintegration" of social life, the "poverty" of social existence. This view of the present as chaotic and doomed is part of the present's intellectual and ideological confusion, but it must not necessarily be accepted as an accurate description of contemporary conditions. Such pessimism implies that only in the past were men able to survive in social groups and to enjoy their lives, and that modern man is completely incapable of solving his problems. The first implication can be disproved; the second cannot be proved as yet.

Mayo's norms of the Good Society can be traced to two sources: the pre-industrial, medieval society of Europe ("The medieval ideal of the cooperation of all is the only satisfactory source of civilized procedure"), and 2) pre-literate societies. But the idea that the established type of society is necessarily a stable one is only an assumption—the Middle Ages' society was not one of "peace, plenty, and contentment." Secondly, as LaPiere has pointed out in his *Sociology,* it is a mistake to believe that, because "traditional structural elements were held in reverence by the peoples of medieval Europe (and are . . . so held by most primitives), those forms were functionally effective." Furthermore, the people of preliterate societies do not lead the idyllic life portrayed by "anthropological romanticists." "Only the dimming effects of time have made the society of medieval Europe seem to some frightened moderns a blissful one, and only distance makes the life of the simple primitive appear both simple and untroubled."

That one's image of history and of society is strikingly affected by the socio-political perspective with which one examines them can be shown by citing a characterization, found in Marxist literature, of the same period which is romanticized by Mayo. Take, for example, Engel's remarks about the people of that time:

> [Intellectually] they were dead: lived only for their petty, private interest, for their looms and gardens. . . . They were comfortable in their silent vegetation, and but for the industrial revolution they would never have emerged from this existence, which cosily romantic as it was, was nevertheless not worthy of human beings; they were merely toiling machines in the service of the few aristocrats who had guided history down to that time.

Actually, it is irrelevant to refer to primitive or medieval society as a model of solidarity because the solidarity there (assuming it to be present as portrayed by Mayo) is one based on *similarities,* as opposed to the ideal of solidarity for modern society, based upon *differences.* This basic point is glossed over, or cavalierly dismissed, by Mayo. Profound thinkers like R. M. MacIver, hold that social integration demands a unity on the intellectual level (which does not imply spontaneity). Unity, to the extent that it truly existed, was totalitarian. There is the great danger that our society cannot resuscitate the type of unity connoted by spontaneous collaboration without, as MacIver asserts, "repressing the very forces that have built it up to greatness."

Comment

By STUART CHASE

I have read over Harold L. Sheppard's analysis of Elton Mayo's philosophy. I wish that I might comment upon it in some detail . . . but I shall have to confine myself to two points:

1. Mr. Sheppard seems to assign to Mayo a fixed philosophy, held throughout his life. This is not the case, and *Fortune,* in writing him up in the November, 1946 issue, had this to say of him: "It is a tribute to Mayo's devotion to scientific truth that he allowed the results of his first large-scale industrial experiment [at Hawthorne] eventually to alter the entire axis of his thought, from the proposition that all social problems are individual, to the proposition that all individual problems are essentially social." Which reminds me of the parallel case of John Stuart Mill, altering his devotion to the Iron Law of Wages, when the facts came in that disproved it.

2. Mr. Sheppard, if I read him aright, criticizes Mayo for being oblivious to the class struggle and to the necessity of labor organizations. Here I should like to quote B. M. Selekman of the Harvard School of Business Administration, whose outstanding work with labor unions, especially the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, is well-known. Answering a criticism of Mayo by C. Wright Mills of Columbia, which incidentally followed a similar line to that taken by Mr. Sheppard—Selekman says: "Now it can fairly be said that Mayo himself was not interested primarily in unions; nor was he, for that matter, particularly interested in business corporations. For no industrial institution particularly interested him; he was concerned rather with the failure of modern society, whatever might be the environment in which its human constituents interact, to afford outlets for the capacity for cooperation. It was the wholesale breakdown of collaboration, and the necessity of developing social skills on the part of administrators, whether in government, business or unions, to help restore the collaborative pattern in human society, that was Mayo's chief concern, which shows itself through all of his work. Other scholars may see our crucial problems in other questions. But some of us feel that Mayo's findings offer usable clues and insights for all work in industrial relations. For instance, Golden and Ruttenberg have already shown that practical union officials, quite as much as corporation executives, can apply Mayo's work with profit."

It may be that Elton Mayo is in some danger of being canonized, and this should be halted by plenty of critical analysis. He made his mistakes, like the rest of us, and, like the rest of us, changed his ideas through time. Critics should recognize this, and not set up straw men to be bowled over by a Marxian cannonade.

An Industrial Sociology—For What Ends?

By LOUIS SCHNEIDER

IN THE PAST TWO DECADES a school of so-called "industrial sociologists" has come to flourish, working largely under the inspiration and with the premises of the late Elton Mayo. Perhaps the first important manifesto of this group was Mayo's *Human Problems of an Industrial Civilization,* published in 1933. Although centering in the work of the Harvard Business School, the analysis of "human relations in industry" in Mayo's sense is now a very popular enterprise in American universities, ranging from major professorial output on the telephone-manufacturing industry to student theses on the social organization of soda-fountain working groups.

Mayo, his co-workers and followers have emphasized the workers' "informal" organization, the spontaneous quality of the rise of friendships and antagonisms, the emergence of group "codes" and, in general, the entire system of significant social relations that may exist alongside the more easily recognized "formal" organization of the industrial plant. Their view is that it is not sufficient to analyze the formal positions and functions of supervisors, foremen and workers, or the ostensible purposes of the business organization. Careful attention must also be given to those unofficial activities and attitudes, such as work-restrictive sentiments, that may either defeat or sustain the manifest organizational purposes. The unofficial, informal scheme of relations must inevitably exist, and it cannot be eliminated. An army could hardly maintain morale for a number of years with nothing to sustain it but the abstract goal of a "victory." The soldiery has a human, day-to-day need of comradeships, "irrelevant" preoccupations and relaxations, paradoxically relevant precisely because they are not ostensibly so.

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Thus the industrial sociologists maintain that there is a close dependence between the formal and informal levels of organization. An industry or business that does not succeed at the formal level, that fails to make money cannot go on, and thereby the informal organization that has been generated along with it will disappear. But a business that neglects the informal organization or fails to satisfy the needs of its personnel at that level, is endangering the realization of its formal aims. Our industrial civilization is criticized because it overlooks such human necessities which are requisite for the proper realization of formal and technical aims.

It is not the purpose of this article to give an analytically rigorous presentation of this thesis of interdependence of levels in organizations. Rather, our concern is with the manner in which values are treated by social scientists, a question that the work of the industrial sociologists raises in acute form.

II

Although Mayo and his collaborators have scarcely set out their own values in systematic fashion, their general value-bias is easy enough to ascertain. For example, in a monograph on teamwork and labor turnover in the aircraft industry, Mayo and George Lombard indicate their concern with "the wholehearted co-operation of workers in the purposes of management." They speak of "teamwork, a 'group spirit,' active co-operation with company policy and purpose." But mention of "wholehearted co-operation of workers" in the purposes of unions is, in general, conspicuous for its absence. The Mayo group has emphasized recognition of the worker as a human being who needs satisfactions on the job that an impoverished community life no longer affords him. Through being identified with informal organizations in the plant that give him a sense of significance and participation, he may experience a kind of social redemption. So a disinherited proletariat may find a home, recapture dignity and the feeling of acceptance. But at the same time the members of the Mayo group, by and large, exhibit a quite patent devotion to managerial ends. The combination is intriguing.

Human beings in contrast to the other material that an economic organization may handle, are notoriously recalcitrant. The tough, hard-handed boss whose essential method of dealing with his workers is that of processing them by coercion, is often unsuccessful. And tough manager and foremen create tough union leaders. But the problem of dealing with the human material remains.

Many phases of the modern economy become more intelligible when viewed in the light of a drive toward rationalization—a drive to which nonhuman material lends itself well, but which human beings still stubbornly resist. It is quite understandable that a manager would express his reaction to labor unions by asserting, "We worked for years to eliminate chance in our operations—now here it comes back in a big way. A new and unpredictable element has been injected into our business." The appearance of another organized will, as represented by a union, must raise serious problems for those oriented toward ideal control and systematization of materials. Industrial sociology, or much of it, may then be seen as a somewhat elaborate and subtle device for better control of the human materials of industry. Coercion would be replaced by a kind of limited psychiatric hearing for worker grievances, in line both with the Mayo group's concern with psychopathology in industry and its emphasis on a managerial perspective. Direct, angry exhortation not to "loaf on the job" would be made unnecessary by the indirect but effective compulsions coming from informally-organized working groups possessed of "high morale." The wild worker-animal would approach the state of domestication.

This is, at any rate, a possible interpretation of the direction of the work of the Mayo group. One critic, Dr. Harold Sheppard of Wayne University, goes so far as to call the work of the group "managerial sociology." He contends that much of the *effect* or social *function* of the work of the Mayo group is to put in the hands of management an instrument for the better understanding, and the control, of the worker in his psychosocial dimensions. This view, it is important to note, need not rest on an imputation of malevolent *intention*. Whatever the merits or shortcomings of this interpretation, several points are certain. For instance, the work of the Mayo group has not been directed toward ascertaining how picketing may be improved or pro-union propaganda made more effective, although investigations of this kind could be as unimpeachably "scientific" as those directed toward the discrimination of the elements of "morale" in the interest of reducing absenteeism or toward minimizing frictions between foreman and worker. Moreover, there is disagreement about the significance and possible use of the types of inquiries pursued by the industrial sociologists. And attempts to resolve the value problems that are raised by these inquiries have been far from satisfactory.

The reaction of two labor men, Messrs. Golden and Ruttenberg, to the work of the industrial sociologist is scarcely surprising. They appreciate the value of the work done by Roethlisberger and Dickson at the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company. This well known research, reported in 1939 in *Management and the Worker,* represents perhaps the major contribution to date toward demonstrating the actual existence, and the industrial and social effect of workers' informal organizations. But Golden and Ruttenberg regard these informal organizations as "the forerunners of labor unions" and go on to contend that the worker participation in industry, *through unions,* is indispensable to high production, earnings and output. Why, indeed, is it necessary to assume that it is management which must take the lead in affording the worker new group frameworks and seeking to develop for him norms to regulate his life and make it meaningful? Thus Professor Hart of the University of Wisconsin, in a recent study of the auto unions in Windsor, Canada, notes that the unions appear to be assuming the relevant leadership and their officials are increasingly looked to for guidance by workers who address themselves less and less to the members of the local middle class. On similar lines, Irving Howe and B. J. Widick, in their portrait of *The UAW and Walter Reuther,* assert with regard to Detroit's auto workers: "The factory destroys personality, but in their union the auto workers have found one force which, all too hesitantly and inadequately but still persistently, has begun to help them regain personality."

III

Differences in value-orientation may obviously lead to different kinds of questions. One may, very generally, ask, "How shall management take the lead in providing certain types of significant organization for workers?" or one may ask the same question but substitute "the unions" for management. There have been no systematic attempts to face such alternatives and to consider their implications for the development of a more penetrating "industrial sociology." But it is certain that the problems and questions raised by the existence of such alternatives are proving decidedly bothersome. Only one attempt to resolve some of these problems and questions, but that a decidedly significant one, need be here considered.

In an address on "Economics and Human Relations," Professor V. W. Bladen notes that intellectual and emotional "turmoil" prevails among the researchers in the sociology of industry and that "the 'moral' aspect, involved in the questions, knowledge for whom, skill for whom, creates the greatest turmoil." He contends that the men attracted to research in industrial sociology have a deep respect for the individual and, indeed, could not do their interviewing successfully without such respect. Hence these men are "peculiarly sensitive to the criticism that they merely enable some people to 'manipulate' others," as well as to the criticism that they are giving management a new instrument to provide more production for less pay. The "real moral problem," he contends, exists for "those who use the knowledge, not for those who discover and communicate it. Are we to judge who is to be trusted?" Bladen defends the integrity of the researchers in industrial sociology. But if the "real moral problem" exists for the users of the knowledge and not for those who discover and communicate it, what comfort is to be had from the integrity of the latter? They will, evidently, not decide how their knowledge is to be used. Or may one look for a contagion of benevolence from those with relevant skills to those who decide about their use? Bladen hopefully believes that those who have "nefarious designs" and would foist "an unsatisfactory system on an unwilling people" are not really interested in the development of skills in human relations. It may be that this is not intended literally, but there is nevertheless a quite plain sense in which men with "nefarious designs" have had an interest in skills in human relations, to judge from the Nazi concern with certain phases of practical psychology. Professor Bladen's generalization is hardly convincing.

Finally, Bladen urges that we should not "exaggerate the power of the skills about which we are talking. The ultimate bargain between union and management, the ultimate form of social and economic organization, these are not likely to be significantly affected." *In context,* this has a rather strange ring, aside from the question of whether Bladen is right or not. If the industrial sociologists are themselves quite innocent, and if villains are not interested in human relations, why is it necessary to add that human relations, in effect, are not particularly important anyway? The suspicion is fostered that we are confronted, in the work of the industrial sociologists, with some deep-seated moral and scientific confusions. A more radical analysis than Professor Bladen's is evidently called for.

IV

A strategic base for criticism of the work of the industrial sociologists is their desire to have their work regarded as "scientific." Social scientists in general are rather sensitive on this point and in their eagerness to avoid the imputation of "preaching" or "moralizing" often end rather short-windedly when dealing with value issues. They tend to say merely, "Science has no truck with establishing goals or ends; it can only answer questions about the means that will realize given ends." They are even likely to overlook or forget cogent warnings like that of the late Morris R. Cohen that "those who boast they are not, as social scientists, interested in what ought to be, generally assume [tacitly] that the hitherto prevailing order is the proper ideal of what ought to be." It can hardly be doubted that something of this sort has occurred in the work of the industrial sociologists. Their general promanagerial bias has already been noted. And it has also been suggested that this bias has not been systematically worked out. Such elaboration should be, in itself, entirely clear, and it should be definitely separated in a logical sense from factual types of analysis. For the failure to deal explicitly with value or moral issues, or treating them in a purely perfunctory fashion, has seriously limited the possible *scientific* contributions of industrial sociology.

The very language employed serves to confirm this thesis. Thus, the industrial sociologists have adopted a loose and loaded usage of terms like "equilibrium" and "morale." In a brilliant appendix to his *American Dilemma,* Gunnar Myrdal reminded American social scientists to be careful in using such terms. While thinking oneself to be thoroughly "objective," there is the tendency to introduce one's values by a back door through the incautious use of such terms as "balance," "harmony," "equilibrium," "adjustment," "maladjustment," "disorganization" and numerous others.

Such terms must, indeed, be regarded as purely *formal* in meaning. If "equilibrium" is used in a rather vague way to mean something roughly like "balance" or "absence of tension," then a variety of industrial or in-plant situations, differing vastly in their content, might all be said to show "equilibrium." "Equilibrium" might exist, theoretically, where a cowed supervisor virtually took uncompromising orders from his men, or in the opposite situation. Or the result of a Negro-white racial clash ending in substantial "victory" for the Negro group, with subsequent "quieting down" and "absence of tension," may as legitimately be called "equilibrium" as the result of the same clash ending in a "victory" for the white group with subsequent "quieting down." This, of course, in no way denies that some "equilibria" may be more "stable" than others, and that shrewd and relatively precise assessment of relevant "forces" may be necessary to determine which "equilibria" are more and which less "stable."

Similarly, "morale" can hardly be lacking for a group of strikers who are tough, determined and ready to withstand reverses. It would be inadvisable to reserve the term exclusively for the spiritual attributes of a group of workers who are wholeheartedly co-operative in the purposes of management. "Teamwork," too, prevails among the unjust as well as among the just, as almost any detective story will reveal. The worker can just as definitely "feel himself to be part of a larger group" when the group with which he identifies himself lacks managerial approval as when it has it. To forget or overlook this is to corrupt knowledge by an unhappy confusion of realities and values from which neither can emerge with clarity.[1] This confusion can in large part be attributed to a hasty desire to bury all value considerations, to dismiss them as unwanted intruders in the field of "science." The value considerations then operate underground to make a mockery of the "science" in whose supposed interest they were originally thrust aside.

The problem of the *consequences* of value considerations is worth pursuing. There is lack of such analyses in much current work in social science. It is a failure to engage in one of the social scientist's most obviously indicated and unexceptional enterprises. That the "meaning" of a moral position may not be quite clear until a relatively full view of its effects is possible, is hardly startling. But the potential fruitfulness of value-analysis has hardly been explored by the industrial sociologists. It is not that they have entirely overlooked it. So one might rephrase some of the simplest aspects of their work in the form of an exhortation to skeptical managerial auditors: "It is a luxury you cannot afford to bully your men and make them the scapegoats of your personal tensions. One realizes what a temptation it is to act the 'big boss' and enjoy the sensation of being unquestioned master on one's premises. But others, for their part, have perhaps quite similar tensions and needs and will react adversely. A little self-restraint and cautionary self-probing rather than self-indulgence will repay you handsomely, just in an economic sense."

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[1] It is a self-imposed limitation of this discussion that it avoids analyzing the circumstances which may help to explain why the industrial sociologists fall into their various difficulties. These difficulties have their sources in certain general features of our social structure, in bureaucratic and financial and personal pressures which it would be smug or stupid to overlook. This would all repay careful, independent investigation. Nevertheless, research paid for by a particular group with very particular interests may have serious limitations in the light of ultimate scientific goals; such research will surely not be advanced and may easily be damaged (even from the point of view of the particular group) by a tacitly value-loaded conceptual apparatus; the particular group paying for research might profit from avoiding too close a limitation of research to the investigation of problems whose solution would be immediately and obviously valuable to it.

What is important is that, in a wider context, a particular value-orientation which makes an *immediate* appeal or brings an immediate gratification may be found wanting: "found wanting," it is to be noted, in the light of other values held by the *same* human agents. There is no question of "moralizing." The industrial sociologists are actually attempting to show "hardheaded businessmen" their own interests. They try to do so by rather rudimentary demonstration that the consequences of one position defeat other concerns which they have, and which may be important enough to require modification of the original position.

There is certainly nothing recondite about this type of analysis. Yet, that it has not received the consideration it deserves at the hands of the industrial sociologists is clear. For instance, if management wishes to hire Negroes, the question is asked: "How can Negroes be integrated into the plant?" But if management is against the hiring of Negroes, it is scarcely asked what the consequence of this may be, unless perhaps again management is interested in the matter. The vital theoretical contemplation of alternatives and their alternative consequences is inhibited. It may not be possible or feasible to raise many questions that might conceivably be asked. Practical constraints operate in this as in other fields. Unfortunately, however, the questions and problems one is practically constrained to pose and to seek to solve are not necessarily those of the highest theoretical or scientific importance. A great deal of significant knowledge concerning the social aspects of industry might still be lacking long after the industrial sociologists had discovered how to integrate Negroes into industry, how to combine ethnic groups in various plants in such fashion as to minimize employee friction, how to mitigate resentments arising from differences in status within the plant and numerous other undoubtedly useful things. The exclusive acquisition of this sort of practical knowledge could come very close to providing nothing but a "science" for the personnel man, a body of knowledge that in its way might bear a close resemblance to, say, the "science" of detergents. Presumably the industrial sociologists are interested in something more than an arbitrarily limited set of workable devices. But there is a real danger that they will persuade themselves otherwise. In that case, we may expect from them an unmitigated output of industrial cook-books written in a scientific vein.

Such an outcome might well be avoided by a determined attack upon the consequences of value schemes. It would involve a constant questioning of the ends to which managerial or other groups commit themselves. It would be designed to trace out as fully as possible the effects of values both upon the groups which hold to them and also upon others. It is too facile to stop as is so often done, with a simplified means-ends analysis that omits the consideration of the relations of ends to one another within a total system of ends. This type of analysis is evidently incompatible with the view, that social science could flourish equally well under any political regime. There are, indeed, questions about the relations of means to ends in the social sphere that might be asked of social scientists even—or perhaps one should say especially—under totalitarianism. A free hand might be allowed in the solution of many engaging problems of interest to a totalitarian regime. But the analysis of the ramifications of ends would hardly be encouraged beyond a certain point. And above all, the theoretical consideration of alternative goals and their results would certainly be regarded as a very dangerous enterprise.

The clarification of value premises could bring the work of the industrial sociologists squarely into the market place and enable them to share, in their own way, in the kind of analysis of labor-management relations that has long occupied economists, political scientists and legal experts. The sociologist is interested in the study of institutions, of commonly accepted values or norms that have an integrative or order-producing effect. The analogy or illustration of a baseball game may be useful. Two teams are opposed and engaged in a competition to win. But they are so opposed and engaged within a framework of norms. One of the most obvious of these is that the decision of an umpire shall be respected by both sides. Without such norms the game would evidently soon degenerate into a shambles. The "institutional" framework of norms enables the game to go on, allows competition or conflict and makes room for a powerful will to win. Yet, at the same time, it contains passions and enables persistence in the game and thereby effects a certain indispensable order. Now, the "rules of the game" have long been in flux and in dispute in the sphere of labor-management relations. Nineteenth-century American industrialists were not averse to regarding it as a rule of the game that labor unions should be considered conspiratorial agencies. But even cautious union leaders like Samuel Gompers could not possibly accept this as a rule. Again, the struggle of unions to penetrate into ever new areas previously regarded as the exclusive concern and province of management is well known. Yet there has been managerial hesitation, to put it mildly, to allow the establishment of a rule of the game—a working consensus on the part of both management and labor—to the effect that unions may have full access to management's economic data or an important voice in the determination of corporate price policy. When, toward the end of 1945, Walter Reuther sought to prove General Motors' "ability to pay" a wage increase without a price increase and urged "a look at the books," he was hardly treated as a man making an obvious appeal to accepted union rights. Disagreement over the rules goes on, is evident in changing legislation and relates to rules of whose fundamental character there can be no doubt. The situation is "wide-open," broadly uninstitutionalized and therefore continually fraught with the possibilities of serious conflict. Yet, except for some decidedly general comments and an occasional relevant bit of perceptive diagnosis, the industrial sociologists have had little to say about this central matter.

The members of our society, like those of any other, must live by values and rules. We are plainly far beyond the point, in labor-management relations, where we can hope for an automatically beneficent effect from rules that do not need articulation and examination. To what extent can we foresee the effects of various kinds of rules? And to what extent can we effectively contemplate the alternative results of alternative sets of rules? Which interests and concerns may be advanced by the adoption of a normative scheme of one particular sort, which advanced by another scheme and which defeated? No scheme of rules or values can be well comprehended, or intelligently preferred or rejected, until something of its consequences can be known or foreseen. It is a scientific service of no mean order to spell out even a highly theoretical scheme of values and rules and attempt to show, as much as possible, its consequences for all parties and all interests concerned. It helps enormously to clarify what people "want." In fact, we may ask, precisely what is "wanted" in labor-management relations by the parties involved, including various publics? How strong and how concrete is the desire for rules and where does it exist? Who wants "order" and who does not? And under what circumstances and at what price? What is the status and what the power of various designated umpires and what pressures are made to bear upon them?

These are very broad questions in a complex field cultivated by men from many areas of interest. Some of them, it would appear, should engage the peculiar talents and interests of the sociologist. If he cannot help in illuminating the conditions of "order" in a large social area, and if he cannot aid in the articulation of value premises and their consequences with some degree of sophistication, his case is sad indeed. The stultification that threatens the work of industrial sociologists can only be advanced by a perfunctory and virtually meaningless resolution that "leadership" should be provided by industry. We must not be misunderstood to imply that some theoretical construction alone will "solve" labor-management problems. Far from it. The check of experience, the active working with particular rules, the tentative acceptance of certain values must all play an indispensable part.[2] And there is probably no final resting-point. But certainly a body of scientific theory has its own chemistry to perform in the industrial ferment.

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[2] Not all the work of the industrial sociologists is subject to these strictures, nor are all the industrial sociologists equally subject to criticism. Perhaps polemic has to be a trifle ungenerous. But one cannot help feeling that social scientists are missing some excellent opportunities. Indications of what might fruitfully be done in the area are afforded by Alfred W. Jones' cautiously bounded study of the backgrounds of the Akron rubber industry and of attitudes toward property held by Akronites *(Life, Liberty and Property)*; by Everett C. Hughes' patient and competent analysis of the place of French and British in Canadian industrial life *(French Canada in Transition)*; by C. Wright Mills' somewhat dashing interpretation of American labor unions, their leaders and their politics *(The New Men of Power)*; or by enterprising and sometimes acute foreign monographs like that of Godfrey Wilson on native labor and native society in Northern Rhodesia *(The Economics of Detribalization in Northern Rhodesia)*. Such works as these promise an industrial sociology to which the rather bitter name of "managerial sociology" will not be applicable.

We Note . . . .

The present issue of the *Review* devotes some attention to recent movements in the area of social science, movements which are directed to the solving of crucial contemporary problems, as in labor relations, interpersonal behavior, and mass communication. These movements, the reader will discover, are of general interest; they are not simply technical nor academic. He may also discover that they contain a number of philosophical implications, using "philosophical" here in the rather broad sense of a critical and exploratory attitude toward the basic assumptions we usually take for granted.

Whether the profession of philosophy itself will be affected significantly by these new movements in social science is still an open question. One reason for this would seem to be that professional philosophers are not agreed on just what it is they profess. This is no secret although it is something of a scandal. Even a quick review of twentieth century thought would turn up an amazing spread of definitions of philosophy, ranging from the mystical and the theological to rather extreme forms of positivism. Within this range of competing definitions, no description is more sophisticated or academically popular (at least in certain Anglo-American university circles) than one usually tied up in some way with the term "analytical." The analysts find that philosophy can have little if anything to say about current political and international problems, or, for that matter, about anything else of social significance. For philosophy, it is proposed, must concern itself exclusively with the anatomy of language, chiefly of language in the form of logical propositions and of logical propositions in symbolic or mathematical dress.

To be sure, there is an acknowledgment that a philosopher is also a man and a citizen, and that as such he can entertain opinions about the United Nations, the Marshall Plan, the Korean war, the A and H bombs, bipartisan foreign policy—and even about socialized medicine and John L. Lewis. But these are matters for the individual, not for the practitioner of philosophy under the aegis of his calling as a learned man and a professional; and, in any event, they do not involve basic philosophical issues.

It would be too easy and too smug to indict such an approach to philosophy—an approach which would exclude its devotees from having any relevant ideas (*qua* philosophers) on overwhelming social, political, and moral issues—as an escapist retreat from insoluble current problems. Furthermore, the present note is only obliquely concerned with philosophical analysis. Its interest is rather to suggest another interpretation of the place of philosophy, an interpretation now somewhat "old-fashioned" in the sense that its formulation goes back about a generation to the heyday of John Dewey's influence.

This interpretation would start by making the elementary assumption that the enterprise of philosophy is not outside and above other human activities; that, like science, religion, and the arts, it is an integral part of human culture. A second assumption, neither so elementary nor possibly so acceptable, can be added: that philosophy is not only an integral part of human culture, but also that it reflects certain conflicts and deformations in that culture. One further step: that these conflicts are not simply general disputes about values, but are peculiarly the results of definite tensions, those set up by the resistance which traditional ways of thinking and acting develop to the forces of scientific knowledge. In over-simple language the cultural conflict between morals and technology is a fundamental setting for a cultural emergent such as philosophy. Conversely, the resolution of that conflict would be indicated as a major orientation of philosophic effort—that is, to restore integration between man's beliefs about the world and his beliefs about how to live in that world.

To implement these assumptions still another one is required, an historical assumption: that man's beliefs about his conduct, individual and social, are largely the ceremonial and institutional hang-overs from a pre-scientific culture. It need hardly be added that such a vestigial character was also attached at one time to man's beliefs about the physical world, or that the revolutionary work of the founders of modern philosophy in the seventeenth century was addressed in large part to overcoming the gap between ceremonial ways of looking upon the world and the new ways proposed by mechanics and mathematics. This is still a great task for contemporary philosophy, and one which is being successfully undertaken. The argument here is that a similar work of integration still confronts philosophy in another area where relatively little has been done: Philosophy must attempt to do for the recent prodigious developments in the science of man what it once did, and is still doing, for physical inquiry. Which does not mean simply to make revolutions — intellectual revolutions, that is — philosophically respectable; the suggestion is that if we are living in a revolution, philosophy, too, is revolutionary — or counter-revolutionary.

This argument must have many elements of the commonplace, even for those most opposed to the views here expressed. For, positively or negatively, directly or indirectly, philosophy *has* reacted to the shock of the twentieth century, to the great dislocations in contemporary culture which are being celebrated one way or the other as we reach the midpoint of the century. We are being told by journalists, by historians, by novelists and poets and playwrights, by religious leaders, that the twentieth century (which, of course, began with World War I) is one of disillusion and foreboding and anxiety. The easy assumptions with which the era began, those of progress, of reasonableness, of human decency, of scientific validity, are being given up; and we don't have to be told that the trauma is severe. Whether this diagnosis is correct need not engage us at the moment. The point is simply that the conflict between man's beliefs and his practices is being recognized as almost the sign of modern times, and certainly the mark of intellectual sophistication. No one seems prepared to deny that there *is* a culture-conflict between technology and morals. Nor has contemporary philosophy been insensitive to it.

To be sure, that sensitivity has taken many forms, some strange and some expected. Any digest of philosophy in mid-century America (without going further afield) would disclose, on the one hand, a hankering for supernaturalism and what must be called crypto-idealism; and, on the other, an intense and precious interest in history and in logical technique. It would also turn up, among many other things, the recherché subtleties of existentialism as well as the once-familiar point of view expressed in this note. There is indeed a whole spectrum of sensitivity; but, from the infra-reds to the ultra-violets, what is being refracted is the naked white light of our times. But just any old wavelength is not enough. . . .

We have been proposing that a major sensitivity of contemporary philosophy might be one which is directed to integrating man's beliefs about the world and his beliefs about how to live in that world. At present there is at best only an uneasy truce, at worst the blatant notion that they can never be reconciled. What, if anything, can philosophy be expected to contribute here?

For one thing, there is still the Baconian need for "a trumpet of the new learning"—a trumpet which may well be directed first at the ears of philosophers themselves, since many of them have seemed deaf to the current work in psychiatry, cultural anthropology, and interpersonal psychology, which, in many respects, is as revolutionary as anything in physics. (What we have in mind here, simply as samples, is the work of Kardiner, Sullivan and Fromm in psychiatry, of the Kurt Lewin group at M. I. T., of the Michigan social dynamics investigators, of the Hanover Institute experimenters in visual perception and similar research by Cantril at Princeton and by Sherman with his "flash" technique at Ohio State, of Kluckhohn's anthropological studies at Harvard, and so on.) This "new learning" in the science of man is focused almost directly upon the very frustrations, individual and social, which have provided so much grist for the moral mill. More than that, the present research is attempting to understand the institutional blocks which have kept the ceremonies of human conduct enclosed within an area tabu to science. That this tabu must be removed is coming to be recognized everywhere as an item of highest priority. President Conant is only one of many who are beginning to realize that the inequity of knowledge between the physical and social sciences (including ethics) is man's greatest, and possibly, final blunder.

But trumpet-blowing is hardly enough to occupy philosophy. Philosophy is a critic, not simply a barker, and certainly not a barker for what may seem to some a doubtful medicine. Assumptions need to be examined, abstractions dissected, problems reformulated, embarrassing questions raised: this is elementary and self-evident. What may be much less self-evident is that the criticism here recommended be directed to the removal of obstacles which have kept human knowledge and human values from a fruitful union. Therefore, the criticism asked of philosophy may well be self-criticism. As an illustration, philosophers are inclined to think that they already have in their possession the moral theories appropriate and adequate for reconstruction. This would appear an assumption as dubious as that which sees in scientific advance the cause of all our present ills.

Do criticism, analysis, and, possibly, spreading the light exhaust what can be expected of philosophy? Or should it actually get to work itself in a creative way? Some of the critics of, for example, instrumentalism have been shrewd enough to discover that, like liberalism, it talks but does not act. This is a healthy challenge. If there is nothing negotiable in an instrumentalist interpretation of philosophy, then some of us ought to shut up—or at least quiet down. But before that is too quickly enforced, it must first be made clear in a demurrer that no instrumentalist has maintained that the making of social and political technologies is the peculiar task of philosophy. John Dewey's own latest words are clear: "There is no absurd claim that philosophers, scientists, or any other group form a sacred priesthood, to whom the work is entrusted." The devising of social machineries is the product of resolute, patient, and co-operative activities of many groups. This is what the critics have so often missed. Instead of "Dewey's instrumentalism congealing into a cult," as one of the critics has felt, its central idea is that its function is preparatory, to forward moral inquiry by reducing the cultural handicaps which have been placed upon inquiry.

This co-operation between different groups, which Dewey recommends, is not simply a contrived or hortatory affair, honorific but nothing else. It already has been effected in social science and psychological research, much of it without the benefit of philosophic sanction. In fact, there is a real danger that professional philosophy in America has already been left behind in the search for ways by which man can most fruitfully understand his problems—including those of survival. This would be a tragedy, if for no other reason than that it would entail a significant loss of much-needed talent. Is it not reasonable to expect philosophers to co-operate with other groups interested in basic moral questions? Their admitted capacities to analyze and criticize should not be wasted; more than that, it is to be expected that they have creative and inventive capacities which, with equal reason, should not be lost. The philosopher, *qua* man, can devise as well as criticize. And if he is not adept at the former, what is there to lose? No one need be reminded that conditions, say, international conditions, are desperate enough to call for all contributions, even those of philosophers. G.R.G.

Books - - - -

1931-1950

Scottsboro Boy. By Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad. Doubleday, 1950. $3.

The Scottsboro case has been important from its beginning in 1931 to the present moment. In its earliest and simplest phase it involved the passing of the death sentence upon eight of the nine defendants. Immediately, grave legal issues arose: the dignity and judicial temper of the courts, the law of evidence, the dependability of the jury system, and the power of the Supreme Court to extend constitutional protections. At the same time, Americans found themselves obliged to examine again the vastly intricate relationship between white and black in the South, the indecency of a degenerate penal system, and the neuroses of a fear-ridden culture.

Scottsboro, twenty years later, is also the needed record of the past. Each day's news brings promise that it will not be forever before the old cruel days come to an end. Although hatred and brutality are not rooted out, men who respect their fellow creatures—and a great number of them live in the South—are reasonably justified in hope. Scottsboro, for these men of good will, is the story of an evil which must not recur.

Any vital document in the case, such as *Scottsboro Boy*, is therefore essentially significant; the problem in criticism is the relatively easy one of assessing quality. Nevertheless, for the reviewer, and for all other readers, this simple task carries with it a grave responsibility—the cultivation of one's own moral sense.

Scottsboro Boy is the autobiography of Haywood Patterson, the most conspicuous of the defendants. Part One deals with the events which led to arrest, and his sojourn in various jails and prisons during the six-year period of new trials and appeals to higher courts. Part Two is the story of six years at Atmore State Prison Farm; Part Three covers the five years at Kilby Prison, culminating in Patterson's escape and successful flight to a northern state. The narrative is entirely Patterson's own experience; there is very little about the other defendants or about the legal history.

At the time of his arrest, Patterson could neither read nor write; he states that he spoke so badly that he was sometimes not understood when he said "Alabama." In prison he taught himself to read the Bible and an occasional newspaper story; he succeeded in speaking intelligibly. This book, consequently, owes the final form of its language to Earl Conrad, a professional writer and Patterson's collaborator. The exact relationship between the two authors is neither stated nor self-evident; a reasonable assumption would assign the general architecture and the grammar to Conrad, with the narrative material, the vocabulary, and the spirit coming from Patterson. One conclusion is fairly certain; this is not a work of fiction; Haywood Patterson emerges as a man of such coherence, intensity, and reality, that the portrait lies beyond invention.

During the seventeen years that Patterson was in the hands of the law, he was frequently fist-beaten, or "whupped" with heavy leather in the hands of a three-hundred-pound guard. He was given a massive dose of castor oil and found himself on his cell floor, half-paralyzed, with an extruded rectum. More refined torture took the form of deprivation of exercise, the denial of visits from his family, and deliberate special placing in the death house so that he would see other men on their way to electrocution. In common with all the other prisoners at Atmore and Kilby, Patterson found himself in daily association with homicidal maniacs; like the rest, he carried and wielded a knife to protect himself from both berserk and planned attacks.

Sexual appetite was a dominant force in the life of the prisoners. In some places women were available; at Atmore more than half the men were broken to a complex system of commercialized homosexuality; for the poverty-stricken there were the farm animals. The guards were the entrepreneurs of this sex market; five or more dollars for a cell with a woman, two dollars for half an hour with a boy, and a mule for fifty cents. A further return to the guards lay in the amusement to be had in watching sexual performance.

This prisoner became as degenerate in practice as his fellows, but it is important to note his own appraisal: ". . . when I was pushed down in prison to the level where a knife, a dollar, and a gal-boy were my best friends, I got to change inside. I had gal-boys and felt low and rotten about it and hated myself. The state of Alabama had killed my parents. The people outside, it seemed they were forgetting the Scottsboro case. I didn't hear so often from people out there. They cut off my mail. Wolves ['male' homosexuals] were my brothers. Pigs turned down the food that was served me. Life was low as the ground."

Despite long years of corruption Patterson kept a kind of sanity. He remembers friends: Sheriff Warren who saved the boys from lynching; Captain O'Haggerty—"a just man"; Warden Hixon. He senses the nobility of the great and honorable Judge James E. Horton. This book is not a song of blind hate.

But beyond its grim utility as a document in social pathology, *Scottsboro Boy* has an essentially splendid quality; few stories present so overwhelming a demonstration of human courage. Beaten, bewildered, ignorant Patterson taunts the lynching mob, demands baths and edible food, will not use the servile term, "Boss," tears up his money before the eyes of a greedy guard, and tells Captain Dobbs, "Your mammy was a bitch for birthing a bastard like you to grow up and mistreat people"—language only less profane than that used by the keepers to the prisoners. The superb climax comes in the last chapter. After seventeen years of misery which would break almost any man, Patterson summons up resources in skill and bravery which make possible one of the most exciting escapes recorded in literature.

This book is meeting with curiously diverse reviews. John N. Popham, in the *New York Times,* gives it rather short notice stressing the innocence of the accused and the horror of the prison life; one could hardly guess that the book has positive values. Hodding Carter, in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* believes that Patterson, "from his narrative, is seemingly without hope of salvage." Mr. Carter, furthermore, is chiefly concerned with the fact that the book gives magnified and almost sole credit to the Communistic groups who aided the boys. Much of this charge is true but the book is not primarily history; and by neglecting much more significant elements Mr. Carter gives a final impression which many readers will find maliciously unfair, evasive of the core of meaning, and beneath contempt as responsible reviewing. By contrast, Tarleton Collier, in the *New York Herald Tribune* —and Mr. Collier is a native of Alabama—offers a superb criticism. He is comprehensive, exact, and just. He unites wisdom, sympathy, and moral passion.

Scottsboro Boy will mean a great deal to mature readers of socially responsible temperament. It is the story of an ignorant boy who survived seventeen years of hell because he was intelligent and very brave. He escaped, a man, with something important to say.

G. LOUIS JOUGHIN
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Editor's note. Haywood Patterson, discovered and arrested in Michigan, is now free. Governor Folsom of Alabama has said that his state does not want Patterson and that it will not ask extradition.

DEGREE OF DIFFERENCE

Korea Today. By George M. McCune. Harvard University Press, 1950. $3.50.

If, as is the case in totalitarian societies, self-deception were an accepted political principle of democracy, further sales of the late Professor McCune's admirably objective book on Korea should be halted immediately. For its very objectivity makes it a disturbing book in time of crisis. Fortunately for the peace of mind of diplomats, generals, correspondents and just plain people with an interest in foreign affairs, *Korea Today* is at least not a leading bestseller, nor is it likely to become one. It will not interfere, therefore, with the comfortable feeling that God is on our side—a self-evident tautology because the REDS have disavowed HIM.

So numerous were the blunders of American policy in Korea prior to the withdrawal of military government—mistakes which could have been avoided and spared us our present embarrassment—that none but the most sophisticated are likely to read this book in the spirit in which it was written. This would exclude pacifists, isolationists, communists and their fellow-travelers whose ideological myopia makes any balanced and objective book a public liability. No doubt, these ill-assorted latter-day appeasers will find in *Korea Today* plenty of hot material to back up their specious arguments.

Moreover, the fact that the author had at his disposal relatively little material concerning the Russian occupation zone, and what he had was mostly derived from official sources, makes an intelligent appraisal of the total situation in Korea even more difficult. Indeed, such is the nature of "facts" in international politics that they can be made to serve almost any kind of partisan interpretation. It would be foolish to deny that there was not "something rotten" in the state of Korea, North and South, prior to the outbreak of hostilities last June. The kinship that may exist between a military regime and dictatorial government probably explains why the political life in both occupation zones more often resembled an *opera bouffe* than any other kind of formal organization. Election returns in both zones could be predicted with the probability of a slot machine which has been "set." Both governments were puppets which depended on outside forces and nations for aid and protection. Professor McCune presents a grim picture of what transpired in Korea after the "liberation" of 1945, and, superficially read, disgust with American as well as Soviet activities is understandable.

But it is precisely for this reason that the facts, so-called, must be interpreted within a larger frame of reference which transcends them at the point most crucial in an appraisal of contemporary international politics. This is the point where the facts help to explain but cannot be used to justify the supreme international crime of aggression. Already Soviet apologists in this country are trying to reduce the debate to one about Korea and nothing but Korea, a convenient device to deflect attention from other tension areas. But the issue is not Korea. It is war. And we cannot afford to talk about this or that spot of the earth in isolation from one another. Korea, right or wrong, is only an incident in a consistent pattern of incidents all over the globe wherever Soviet aspirations meet resistance. When all has been said—all that can be said about the omissions and commissions of Soviet and American policy in the last six years—the alternatives seem to boil down to an inevitable WE or THEY.

These are not necessarily pleasant alternatives, but even granted that the choice facing the peoples of the world is one of degree rather than of kind, it is just this difference in degree between Soviet and American intentions and acts which seems decisive. After reading Professor McCune's book one retains the feeling that—in spite of all its blunders, from a democratic point of view—General Hodge's American military government in South Korea is still preferable to the well-oiled Soviet dictatorship which the Russians imported into North Korea. The difference is illustrated by some simple arithmetic. We know how many Communists were jailed in a certain month in South Korea, but we do not know how many patriots were shot at the same time in North Korea. And even if we knew the figures, and they were equal, being jailed and being shot still makes a difference.

Korea Today is essentially a background book. The chapters on Korea's history prior to and during Japanese rule are short but informative. The chapters on industry, agriculture and labor in both the northern and southern zones are detailed and of limited interest to the general reader. The information on Soviet occupation policy and North Korean politics suffers from lack of anything but official sources. What makes the book really worthwhile are the descriptions of American military government activities and South Korean political movements between 1945 and 1948. It appears quite clearly that American policy, just as Soviet policy, was determined "by bitter disagreement in the tradition of earlier international rivalries which had been so largely responsible for the destruction of Korean independence."

—Heinz Eulau

THE MEAT INDUSTRY

Meat and Man. By Lewis Corey. Viking, 1950. $4.50.

That "available scientific knowledge and technical economic resources make it possible, for the first time in history, to provide every man, woman, and child with the foods necessary for physical and mental well-being in a health-giving environment of convenience, beauty, and joy," is a message which makes Professor Corey's well-documented study of the meat industry a stimulating and challenging enterprise. But, contrary to this expectation, the American meat industry, dominated as it is by four large packing concerns, has failed to live up to what appears to be a reasonable promise. The monopoly position of the Big Four has stymied such economic competition as would seem desirable for the full utilization of available information and the achievement of the standard of living which the American economy is capable of producing.

Not that Professor Corey advocates unrestricted competition. But it would seem that he puts too much faith in competition, and a high degree of competition in the meat industry seems throughout the book to be a "consummation devoutly to be wished." This may be due to Professor Corey's not considering sufficiently the fact that monopoly in meat was in good part a result of keen competition at an earlier date, with its duplication of services and the desire to use facilities efficiently. Thus the stage is set for efforts at combination to escape the competition that tends to minimize profits. As Professor Corey points out, "the drive for bigger profits . . . periodically brings a condition of imbalance between profit and investment, production and consumption."

Though he is seriously disturbed about the periodic conflicts between management, labor and farm groups, Professor Corey sees great hope for cooperation between these groups because, he believes, "their basic identity of interest over-rides all minor differences." Certainly, farmers' markets will benefit from high-level employment in industry, while full employment in industry is best guaranteed by large farm demands for industrial goods. Yet Professor Corey glides perhaps too slightly over significant differences in philosophy and attitudes between farm and labor groups. In spite of the logically reasonable conception of common farm and labor interests, the practical difficulties encountered in the past in building a successful farmer-labor party and other cooperative ventures point up divergent interests and goals.

Professor Corey is equally optimistic about future labor and management cooperation which, he thinks, can be truly effective if a new kind of price and profit policy can be made to work. Granted that labor and management must get along for "mutual survival," there may yet be sharply divergent opinions as to what conditions will promote the well-being of a union or the well-being of a business. A great deal of misunderstanding and basic conflict in goals and issues may be expected. For it is questionable whether a high degree of cooperation can be realized in a basically profit-seeking capitalist economy whose drives, in the reviewer's opinion, tend to enhance and emphasize rather than mitigate and minimize conflicts between various economic groups.

In order to solve some of these problems, Professor Corey proposes a kind of food authority along the lines of T.V.A. This would amount in the meat and other food industries to converting the dominant concerns into publicly owned corporations which, while leaving much industry in private hands, would serve as competitive yardsticks. However, Professor Corey does not examine the question of how the public might react to such government yardstick operations. Probably, until labor political action becomes much more decisive in American politics, neither public officeholders nor the majority of those who control the press and radio would favor such a policy. Professor Corey's proposal, it would seem, is likely to be one for the distant future rather than the present unless our economic situation worsens a great deal and very rapidly.

Labor's record in the meat industry is considered constructive, with Professor Corey being more favorably inclined toward the A.F.L.'s Amalgamated Meatcutters and Butcher Workmen than the C.I.O.'s Packing House Workers. He emphasizes the need for a single union in the meat industry as well as an international organization of unions in food industries—the latter wield a more forceful influence on national and world policy.

The comments offered here on *Meat and Man* are not to be construed as suggesting that Professor Corey's book is not of high value. A good book cannot be written without calling forth divergent opinions on many issues. Professor Corey is essentially an optimist as to the improvements that have taken place in our economy and our ability to reconcile such differences as stand in the way of building a more satisfactory society. Probably we would have to look long to find in our history a time when optimists were needed more than at present.

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UNIONS IN COURT

Unions Before the Bar. By Elias Lieberman. Harper and Brothers, 1950. $5.

To help a class evaluate Socialist philosophy, I once asked the students how valid was the Marxist claim that in a capitalist society like the United States, the government was a committee of the capitalist class. Nearly all of those who believed that it was valid pointed to the Supreme Court as an agent of the business community. This opinion has been mirrored in the views of the working class. In fact, the Supreme Court and the lower courts have been treated with especial opprobrium by labor, for many have believed that the Constitution safeguarded the interests of the employers while the courts formed the bodyguards for those interests. To the radical unionist, it was completely understandable; to the conservative like Gompers, who himself had to face a jail sentence at the hands of the court, it was a more difficult task to explain, though not to justify, the actions of the courts. This is the task which Mr. Lieberman attempts to undertake in his new book *Unions Before the Bar*.

The falsity of the myth of the impartial court and the objective historian is clearly shown in this work. Mr. Lieberman, the historian, is by occupation a labor lawyer and he never forgets his position in his book. He constantly plays the role of labor's defense attorney, sometimes reprimanding it for getting out of hand, but generally defending it against management, government and the judiciary. Yet a good defense attorney was needed, for he had to fight against a court which until 1933 was unfavorably disposed towards trade unions, and which before that time enacted into law, through decisions, its own prejudiced and partial views of labor legislation. It is only with the beginnings of the New Deal that we find the court approaching labor with a more sympathetic air. It is only fitting that Mr. Lieberman should have divided his book so that one-half of it or twelve of the twenty-five chapters deal with the pre-New-Deal era, and that of these twelve cases, only one, *Commonwealth v. Hunt* could be considered anything but a defeat for labor.

What Mr. Lieberman attempts to do is to take the readers for a chronological trip from the *Philadelphia Cordwainers'* case in 1806 to the *American Federation of Labor, et al. v. American Sash & Door Company, et al.* in 1949. In each chapter, he usually treats one case which he feels illustrates the court's attitude during that period. With admirable lucidity, he traces the political and economic background of each case, summarizes the briefs of labor and its opponents, and analyzes the decision of the court and its effects on labor relations. All of this is done with the author's eye trained on the nonspecialist, and he succeeds admirably in making each case completely understandable as well as enjoyable reading.

It is important to note also what Mr. Lieberman does not attempt to do. He does not attempt to be all-inclusive in his study. All he does—and it is enough—is describe those cases in which the trade unions themselves are involved. Consequently, many important decisions which are generally found in books dealing with labor law are missing here, e.g. *Lochner v. New York* and *Adkins v. Children's Hospital.* He is not concerned with such matters as wage, hour and other similar social legislation, but only with the rights of unions before the bar. Little attention, moreover, is paid to statutes with the exception of the Taft-Hartley Act. This is a perfectly justifiable division but one must question then the accuracy of the complete title of the book: *Unions Before the Bar: Historic Trials Showing the Evolution of Labor Rights in the United States.* Surely, it is not a sufficiently broad view of labor rights to confine them to questions concerning the rights of organized workers and not with those like minimum wages, maximum hours and social security. Within the more narrow compass with which the author does deal, however, his choice of cases is excellent and only persons concerned with the picayune would suggest that he might have chosen one case instead of another.

The reader of the book who is not concerned with the picayune must concern himself with the basic theme made evident by this work. The court, in the past, generally was to be found on the side of the antilabor forces and is again showing a tendency to return to that position. There are many reasons why this took place and may again take place. Some of the causes, but by no means all, can be expressed by describing an attempt, in one industry, to form a body similar in many respects to a Supreme Court. As a result of the impressive Cloakmakers' strike of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union in 1910, Louis D. Brandeis, not yet a member of the Supreme Court, was called upon to bring about a settlement. The result was the Protocol of Peace. This Protocol, an important stage in labor history, was visualized by Brandeis in terms of a legal system. If a problem arose, an attempt was made to settle it on the lowest, levels. If unsuccessful, it went up to an appeals' court, the Board of Grievances. If not settled there, it went on to the Supreme Court, the Board of Arbitration. By the time it reached the latter point much time had elapsed, which besides causing, not preventing, irritation made the solution often purely a theoretical one. Conditions were steadily changing. The Board of Arbitration used the Protocol of 1910 and decisions of past cases to help solve problems of 1915. These, among other reasons, caused the breakdown of this scheme for industrial peace.

How does this compare with the Supreme Court? It takes a long, long time for any decision to be forthcoming from that body and when it does it often has very little value to the persons involved. If a year after an injunction is served, the courts find that it should not have been served, of what value is the decision to the strikers against whom the injunction was issued? The court also bases its decision too often on a constitution which was written before the existence of labor unions and on past decisions both of which may have a theoretical relevance to the case but little to do with the changed economic and social environment. As far as possible, the solution of the problems arising from labor-management relations should be left to these two groups themselves or to the legislatures. The courts should narrowly limit their jurisdiction over such matters as was suggested by some members of the judiciary. As a result of this, a repetition of the embittered feeling which labor held towards the courts before 1933 can be prevented. Students and workers should never again be able to believe that the courts are an arm of management. Mr. Lieberman's book makes its best contribution in increasing the citizens' understanding of the background of this sentiment.

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A HOLIDAY FOR EXPERTS

The Strengthening of American Political Institutions. By A. S. Mike Monroney and Others. Cornell University Press, 1949. $2.

In this little book, the outcome of a series of lectures on "America's Freedom and Responsibility in the Contemporary Crisis" at Cornell University, a group of experts unburden themselves of some of the implications of their subject specialties. That sort of thing can be pretty dull if it is used to bolster somebody else's policy. It can be a nuisance or even a danger if allowed to pass itself off as top policy-making. Here, in an academic environment in which the chief purpose was to "encourage further discussion," it turns out to be a remarkably interesting experiment.

One reason may be that all but one of the six authors are experts in the practice of their specialties rather than in the theory and that all but two have borne daily responsibility for their expertness. The man who works at his specialty in the market place may in the end develop ideas about the implications of his work even more strongly than the professor or the student. Here he was given the rare opportunity to express himself, and by and large, the result is good.

These men may not appear to be experts in the conventional sense of that term. But if it is true that all but one are something more than specialists it is out of their special knowledge that they gain much of the authority with which they speak:

Mike Monroney, whose subject is congressional reorganization, was vice-chairman of the committee that drafted the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946, and of course he was vitally involved in the practical result as a congressman (from Oklahoma).

Thomas J. Hargrave ("America Must Be Ready: the Problem of Industrial Mobilization") was chairman of the Munitions Board set up under the National Security Act of 1947. He is an industrialist, and what he has to say is recommended to anyone who believes that businessmen can't understand the practical values of government planning.

Thurman Arnold, professor of law,

Judge, and now senior partner in the Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas, and Porter, attacks the federal loyalty program. Out of his firm's able and important work of defending several dozen persons faced with dismissal from federal employment for stated security reasons he draws one story of stupidity after another and argues that the whole program is bankrupt and worse than unnecessary. So defeatist seemed his remarks at the time that Arthur E. Sutherland, a professor at Cornell's Law School, was called on briefly to provide "additional thoughts" on the program. Sutherland asks, in rebuttal, if we must choose between being unjust and being gullible. "No one," he says, "suggests abolishing police because they are sometimes stupid or brutal; the remedy is to improve the police."

Of the book's five topics, the loyalty program is possibly the most pressing and certainly it cuts most deeply into the American character as it has been shaped by the physical and cultural advantages of this zone and continent. But Judge Arnold, even with Professor Sutherland's assistance, does the poorest job of the lot. He plays the expert's role straight, simply testifying for the prosecution and letting the implications of the case go hang. Perhaps it was too early when this was written to consider the deeper meaning of the loyalty (or security) program. What is required is some conception of the social superficiality and of the political naiveté laid bare by the sort of case which has repeatedly turned up in the security program. Washington to the contrary, politics has never affected us deeply enough to become a matter of top priority, and the democracy we prate of seems to lack sufficient depth when confronted with such a personal and social upheaval. The security program, the anti-communist drive, and the current hysteria need to be evaluated in the light of the American character, and in the role of both cause and effect. The author of *The Folklore of Capitalism* may have been capable of some such approach to the problem. But there is no hint of it here.

Don K. Price, Associate Director of the Public Administration Clearing House and specialist for the Hoover Commission (especially on the Executive Branch), has leaped happily to meet his opportunity in "The Presidency: Its Burden and Its Promise." Mr. Price is more obviously and essentially the expert than other contributors to the symposium; his service to the PACH has been extended and continuous, and though he has had less opportunity to break over the confines of his "field," he seems to have been itching to do so. He argues here that: a) the political separation between the President and the Congress has become the most effective protection for our system of federalism; b) the Presidency is no dynasty but its continuity and stability are so strong that its office does not require a closed bureaucracy and has never had one; c) the fact that the President does not always have to depend on party loyalty allows policy issues to develop on their merits. He contends that these results are essentially sound. They make for flexibility. For example, the arrangement which "most conspicuously fails to fit into our old patterns of thinking about government and private business is the device of administration by contract." And he cites the experience of the Atomic Energy Commission in which the great majority of the employees are working, "not for the government, but for private companies or institutions that have contracts with the government and thus carry out government policy." These few words give an inadequate idea of Mr. Price's accomplishment. The essay is a gem and might well go on reserve in any course in government or public administration above the college sophomore level.

Edgar Ansel Mower, long-time foreign correspondent and Washington columnist, tackles "The Formulation of American Foreign Policy." As might be expected of a journalist, he plays the specialist role somewhat by ear. His piece lacks shape and full consistency. Inevitably we have seen most of these conclusions before, in his short pieces if not in his book *The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy*. Yet what he has to say on the fringes of his essay, if not in the core, is provocative and stimulating.

One failure, three interesting efforts, and a first-rate success. It is a good score if you compare this to other symposia and consider that the pattern of the experiment as we have presented it here seems not to have been consciously adopted in these terms by the committee in charge.

The book helps to show that experts should be asked more often to apply their general judgment and to draw out the nontechnical implications in their specialties—always of course at the right time and place. There is an increasingly heavy line laid down between specialists on the one side and administrators and "policy men" on the other. Usually it is crossed at the peril of everyone concerned. But under the right circumstances it can be crossed not only safely but profitably. Universities in particular might well attempt the experiment more often.

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